



Stranger Things 4 by Reddinator1000

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Summary: Six months after the Battle of Starcourt, everyone is split up, with Joyce and the kids in Indianapolis, Hopper imprisoned in Kamchatka Russia, and the rest in Hawkins. The Soviets are determined to pursue the upside down and other strange things, and with El's powers lost, how will the gang survive this relentless battle, and putting this mess to an end, once and for all?

1. Chapter 1: The Disappearance

{A/N} Well hello everyone! Just a little story below called "STRANGER THINGS SEASON 4!" haha that's right! someone had to do it!

Stranger Things is by far one of my most favorite things about life, and felt the extreme desire to write about it. I really do hope you like it.

I am planning on making this thing into an 8 chapter series, similar to that of the Netflix show. I will like to update every 10 days or so, so cherish each chapter as much as you can!

Also, if you have any criticizing feedback at all, feel free to PM me and give it directly!

Main Protagonists:

Mike

Eleven

Hopper

Joyce

Dr. Owens

Dustin

Will

Lucas

Max

Steve

Robin

Nancy

Jonathan

Murray Bauman

Erica

Oh and by the way, I am not the Duffer Brothers, how could you be two people at once anyways? So basically, I didn't create Stranger Things or the main characters.

I did create this story though, so have fun!

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[December 19th, 1985 11:47 pm. Just outside Indianapolis, Indiana]

It had been one hell of a year for head Scientist Dr. Sam Owens. Indiana had been lowkey dealing with Soviet infiltration, existential crises, and cover-ups out the yin yang. Late nights, early mornings, his work would never leave him alone. The government getting antsy and requesting more forces in the state than what could be called normal. He sat in his office chair with his legs propped up on the desk, he was holding a blue tennis ball in his hand.

Last month, the United States' Government officially demolished the Hawkins Lab, and everything inside was either scrapped or to be continued, a project that was ordered to be continued was that of the previous head Scientist Dr. Martin Brenner's life's work, making weapons out of children. He fought tooth-and-nail against the continuation of the project and fought trying to get it scrapped along with everything else in the lab, but unfortunately, you can't disobey a direct order from the Secretary of Defense. He loathed this project, stalling it as much as he possibly could without drawing attention. Although last week, the government dumped another twenty-million dollars into the project forcing him to develop it further and quicker.

A knock came to his office door, "Sir, they are ready for you."

"I'll be out in a minute." He responded. The man nodded and closed the door.

Here we go. This was no longer Brenner's legacy, this was his.

He got up out of his office chair grabbed a briefcase from his desk, and proceeded to walk out. Walking down the white hallway, wearing a white lab smock over his suit, he moved towards the conference room. The closer he got, the tighter his hand gripped the handle to the briefcase.

Brenner could dream of coming up with a solution like this. He thought. Owens admitted to himself, Brenner was a complete and total ditz when it came to developing the solution. His ideals got in the way of everything, so much so, that he had the reputation of being one of the most inefficient head scientists in the country. Owen's came up with the solution in less than a month, even with trying to stall its progress. Brenner spent his entire professional life on it.

As he approached the room, a guard opened the door. The conference room had a long table of twenty or so other scientists with paperwork and glasses of water all around. The attention of the room diverted to him when he set the briefcase on the table.

"Well, Ladies and Gentlemen, here it is." He types a code into the case and it pops open. A scientist hands him a safety glove as he puts it on and reaches in the case pulling out a vial of liquid.

Another scientist turned off the projector to the screen.

"As you can see here, we have former Dr. Brenner's formula, it doesn't have near the work and complexity that has been put into the latter formula you see on the table. The Pentagon wants us to start testing immediately, but what happened with the case of the previous subjects, we cannot permit forced captivity."

"Why not, it is very efficient and cost-effective" a scientist beamed.

"Well, for one, it is morally wrong, two tell that to Dr. Brenner." Owen's countered.

The room erupted into whispers and commotion

"We need to decide the best course of action. We will wait until after recess before we decide on our course of action." The scientist flipped the whiteboard and switched the slide.

"Onto another matter, we have reason to believe the Soviets have been developing unusual forms of transportation." He clicks the remote. "As you can see, we have footage of random disappearances of our own scientists, politicians, businessmen. They have developed only what we can figure out to be, is a portal" He pauses.

Owens interrupts "So is this portal a portal to the Upside Down?"

"We came up with an explanation, of which does not involve the Upside Down. We believe they have developed teleportation technology, but we are unsure. The amount of energy to create a portal would be extraordinary, more than they have the ability for..... Think of this, a nuclear reactor can power the entire island of Manhattan, by calculations that we have come up with, it would take around eighty-six thousand nuclear reactors at minimum to power a portal. There is something else is going on here, something.... supernatural"

Quiet captures the room.

"We will continue after recess, be back in 15 minutes." The scientist spoke.

Owens knew all of this was going on, but the point of this meeting was to include the other scientists in Indiana. He was the Head Scientist in the state and had superiority, but that didn't mean that he could easily spill all of the information. The Soviets had spies everywhere, and you would never know who. Sounds like propaganda, but it's true. The scientist who advocated for child-testing approached him.

"Dr. Tom Schell, nice to meet you." Schell stuck out his hand.

Disgust came over Owens' face, how do people like him sleep at night anyway, how would he like to go into testing and be locked up for

years on end.

"Dr. Sam Owens." Owens shook his hand.

"I heard a while back you gave a test subject to a police officer." The man embarked down the wrong road right off the bat.

"I didn't give anything away. Your sources are incorrect." Owens blocked.

"So you didn't get a false birth certificate and send her on her way like she was a normal human." The man pressed.

"Dr...." Owens looked at the badge on the man's pocket. "Dr. Schell, right, well. I want you to go wherever you came from and keep your shitty intentions out of my face, sound good? Good." Owens stated and walked away. How dare he.

After the fifteen minutes had expired, everyone was stationed back in their seats. The scientist continued the spiel.

"With subject 11's powers gone, we have no hope in stopping this phenomenon, we need someone, preferably underage to take Dr. Owens' serum, as it doesn't work on adults.

Once again, the room erupts into disarray.

Schell stared at Owen's with a smug grin, but Owens did his best to ignore him.

As the room continues its disorder, Owens pulls his hands to his face out of frustration and anger. All he has wanted since he took over the helm from Brenner was to eliminate child testing, he had a big heart. However, in the end, it never really mattered what he wanted. His legacy would be that of a monster, and he had no control over it. He gave Jim Hopper the key to defeating the Soviets, Eleven, he did so because he believed that if we won the cold war by using children for experimentation, then we would also be the bad guys. His thoughts travel to the group of kids that know about the upside down and everything that has been happening in Hawkins.

"Hold on a minute," Owens said. The room died down. "I think I

might know someone."

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Chapter One: The Disappearance of Mike Wheeler

[December 20th, 1985, 3:05 pm | Hawkins Middle School, AV Room | Radio: *Don't worry be happy - Bobby McFerrin*]

"Guys, guys, enough!" Mike shouts as Lucas and Dustin fight over the radio.

Dustin grabs the radio. "Suzie-poo, are you still there? Over."

"Yes, Dusty-bun I'm here, who's in the background? Over." Suzie asks.

"Oh, Mike, Max and Lucas, Over" Dustin responded.

Lucas and Max look at each other. "No, No, NOO." Dustin flips

"Turn around, look at what you see-ee-ee-ee-ee-ee" Lucas and Max tease.

This had been a common thing between the three, Lucas and Max couldn't give up on the embarrassing moment that actually saved them six months ago. But quite frankly, now it was getting old.

The city of Hawkins since that certain event has dwindled in population since. The town of around thirty-thousand had diminished to about eighteen-thousand, the streets had become barren, the economy had become non-existent. The town still hasn't elected a police chief, or a mayor. Basically, order was something that couldn't be accomplished since Starcourt. Investigations constantly went on by the government, making sure Communists have not corrupted American citizens, by doing random tests and inspections. People were escaping the hell that was Hawkins.

Not that you could blame them, who would want suits crawling down your neck every time you turned a corner.

Mike's father had been transferred to Indianapolis where he had been promoted to Chief Managing Officer of Indiana Steelworks LTD, how he could be promoted to anything was beyond Mike but whatever, apparently it pays very well. After winter break they are supposed to take a trip to the big city and tour houses. Indianapolis is also where the Byers' resided, along with El. She had been doing well, and they constantly talked on Dustin's tower at home, a bit of conflict had been growing over the tower, until the AV club got a massive upgrade to their radio system and Dustin no longer needed the tower to talk to Suzie, speaking of which...

"I thought that song was only meant for my ears Dusty-bun, how do they know?"

"They shouldn't but they won't give up on it." He tells her. "Guys it's been six months, just leave it alone already."

"...our nEvEr EnDiNg STOORYYYYYY, AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH"

Dustin's mother had become ill, diagnosed with leukemia, and the best treatment was also in Indianapolis, he had distant family there so he could stay with them. It was a change of pace for sure.

"Ugh, you guys are pathetic." Mike states as he grabs his backpack, walks to the door and leaves, slamming it behind him.

"Geez, what's his problem?" Max stops singing.

After Billy's death six months ago, Billy's dad and Max's mom had split up (thank god) and they were to be moving to Indianapolis in mid-January. Better arcades there for sure. You would think that it is fate that is forcing them all to leave, but it's for the better.

Last but not least, Lucas' father had a similar situation to Mike's dad, he was being transferred to Indianapolis as well. Companies were getting the hell out, and that is the glory of Capitalism, when companies leave, so do people. Lucas' sister Erica had been a 'prospect' to the party, not really in, but is occasionally allowed to play DnD with everyone given the promise of not being an annoying brat.

"What do you think? He is literally the third wheel." Lucas explains.

"More like fifth wheel. Anyways our AV time is almost done, so we need to get going. Miss you Suzie-poo!"

Oh yes, almost forgot, Suzie. Her parents were avid Mormons, so much so that they were moving..... Where? Yes! You guessed it. Indianapolis. Why Indianapolis? Well it was weird, apparently the Church of Latter-day saints sends families around the country to participate in Mormon community building, trying to keep the religion going outside of Utah I guess.

"Miss you more Dusty-bun!"

"No I miss you more"

"Nuh-uh"

"Uh- huh."

"I miss you more than there are stars in the galaxy!"

"I miss you more than there are Galaxies in the Universe

Just then Lucas reaches and turns the off switch. Max started laughing, Dustin just glared at him.

"What?"

As Mike storms out of the room, he walks down the halls with no destination in mind. He spots a bench nearby and sits, putting his face in his hands. It was the last day of school before winter break, which meant endless DnD, and movies, but most importantly, El would be coming back for the holidays. She would be here for about ten days and then going back to Indianapolis afterwards. Life has been a ride for both of them. He loved her. He wanted nothing more than to spend the rest of his life with her, but things constantly kept getting in his way.

El's disappearance three years ago for one took a massive toll on him. He knew then that he loved her, even though everyone thought she was dead. Then after they had reunited, Hopper wouldn't allow him

around her, Then after Hopper died she goes and moves away. He can never seem to have any working relationship with her and it hurts him every time they're apart. But after every time, it hurts more and more. Maybe fate had finally decided to let them be together for once.

I don't think I can handle watching her go again he thought.

Mike got up to go use the phone, maybe he could catch El before her and the Byers' left Indianapolis. He dug around in his pocket for a dime, inserted it into the machine. He dialed her phone number, it rang over and over, but there was no answer. He sighed and decided to walk back.

"Hey man," Lucas approached Mike. "Are you okay?"

"Hey. I am okay, sorry about that back there, I guess I'm just nervous about seeing El again, I haven't seen her since Thanksgiving and... yeah." Mike said.

"Look, Mike, you and El have a bond that honestly, me and Max will never have. You two were made for each other, and everyone knows that. You know she is just as nervous to see you as you are to see her." Lucas encouraged.

"Are you sure? I mean I know she loves me, but if you haven't noticed I am not the most intriguing person in the world. What if she finds someone else in Indianapolis?"

"You know better than anyone that she won't, you saved her man. There is no forgetting that. Her life was made possible because of you. All I am saying is don't stop trying, don't get all down and depressed. When she gets here, spend as much time with her as you can, and cherish it. You two are the power couple remember?" He stated. "She is your mage, and you are her paladin."

Mike nodded. "You know what? You're right. We are the power couple!" Mike hyped

"Anyways, the gang is outside, is the basement free to play DnD? Max and Dustin are coming as well." Lucas offered.

"Well it's full of boxes, but I'm sure we can figure something out." he said

"Alright cool, let's go."

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[Chicago, same day | Radio: Static, also, *Super Trooper - ABBA*]

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El was in her room focusing very intently with a blindfold wrapped around her head, nearby on her nightstand a radio was set on static. She did this day after day waiting for her powers to come back, but they never did. It was very frustrating and she was almost to the point of giving up on it. She came up with a couple of theories; First, her powers had a limit and she drained them all out when fighting the Mind-Flayer, or second, the Mind-Flayer stole them. Either way, it was frustrating.

Her walls were littered with drawings, pictures and other memorabilia, most of which were of Mike. She loved him. God, she missed him. It was as if she had been torn in half when she left Hawkins. She felt so nervous to see him, what would happen if he decided to see someone else? *I mean, the girls practically fangirl over him all the time. No, he wouldn't do that, he wanted me back more than anything when I dumped his ass. Also, pretty girls aren't supposed to like nerds, right?* Regardless Joyce says that he is just as nervous as she is.

Joyce, Jonathan, and Will had accepted her into their family, and she couldn't be more grateful. Although they haven't allowed her to go to school just yet, it was still dangerous for her even though her powers were gone.

The Byers, however, as a collective, had been teaching her about the world, and math, science, history, etc. Her biggest improvement had to have been her understanding of the English language. Her vocabulary had vastly improved the last few months, and she understood most references and social cues, at least those that the Byers taught her.

Will had been doing very well in school, he convinced his science teacher to start an AV club, of which had gotten quite a membership, fifteen people or so. He was doing very well. He had gotten her her very own Dungeons and Dragons game, and taught her how to play, next month she is supposed to be starting school and he promised her a spot in the AV club as well. He taught her how to play arcade games, allowed her to watch him do homework, they watched movies together. Even through all of this, she didn't feel the same way she felt about Mike. She loved Will too, but as a brother.

Jonathan was also very sweet to her, he had decided to teach her about cameras and taking and splashing photos, a process that she didn't find very intriguing, but still thought it was endearing. He got a job at the newspaper for photography and continued developing his craft. Although he still had his senior year to get through, he had graduated from being the school creep, and instead had a friend group that hung out constantly. He was an amazing older brother.

Joyce had become the main mother-figure in El's life. She took care of El when she wasn't at work, taught her basic life skills, about boys, about life in general. Recently she had been showing her how to cook, although Jonathan did most of that. Joyce filled the void since Hopper had died, and quite frankly without Joyce she would still be clueless to the world. She took El shopping all the time, allowing her to build her wardrobe. Joyce taught her how to do her own hair, her own makeup, and such. Joyce was a saint, she definitely loved her life in Indianapolis becoming the manager of The Gap, which is why El had a lot of clothes. El sometimes thought Joyce had immense guilt over what happened with Hopper and was practically spoiling El beyond return, although El never abused it.

Frustrated, she took off her blindfold and turned off the radio. She wanted to see Mike, even though she was only seeing him tomorrow, another day without him was another day of pain.

"El! Are you about packed?" Joyce shouted from downstairs.

"Yeah." She shouted back. She had around 3 suitcases of stuff, of which were mostly clothes, as well as gifts. She was really into impressing Mike when she saw him. She wanted to blow him away with how much she had changed. Her hair was now quite long, and

quite frankly, she could immediately become queen bee of school the day she arrived, but again, nerd. It was okay though, she didn't care what other people thought, well except for Mike, she cared a lot about how he viewed her.

Just as she was about to leave she noticed a picture with her and Hop on her dresser. It was Christmas last year. She loved him, although he could be a real prick sometimes, he had saved her from the bad men. He was her father, nothing could change that. He looked so happy. She really missed him.

"El! Let's go!" Joyce shouted again, snapping El back into reality. She ran downstairs with one of her suitcases.

Joyce was packing one of her suitcases, it had been a very rough year for her, but she was quite the trooper. She somehow got a manager's position at the Gap, which started bringing her in quite a bit of money, which she needed to support her now extended family. She constantly bought stuff for El, maybe she just felt that it was right after the rough life she had.

They had all agreed to start calling El, Jane in public, out of safety for her. Joyce was no longer afraid of the US Government but was definitely afraid of the Russians. They killed Hop. Regardless the supernatural shit had begun to die down.

She really began to adore Hopper, even though he was hard to deal with, they both went through some serious shit. She really did want to go on that date with him, but that moment had disintegrated along with him.

Being the mother of three, and holding a full-time, sometimes time-and-a-half, job, she couldn't spend every living moment with her family, but Jonathan was a pretty good substitute when she was gone. She was so glad to get out of that shithole, maybe Lonnie was right about that.

She zipped up the suitcase and drug it outside to the car.

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[Kamchatka, same day | Radio: Nothing]

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Jim Hopper sat in his cell, not knowing what time of day it was or anything more. He knew that his captors were Russian, and knew he was in Kamchatka, but nothing more. Well except that the Russkies were holding Demogorgons, but that was it.

He had had it rough the last few months as you could imagine, but he never gave in to the solitude in torture. When he was in the army in Vietnam, he had undergone training to survive interrogation. He liked Alexei's name for name, Fat Rambo, although he wasn't fat anymore for sure, he had lost a good thirty pounds since Starcourt. Every once in awhile his captors would throw some random Russian dude in his cell, but soon after took them out to feed the Demogorgon. After he nodded to Joyce to turn the keys, the Russians grabbed him and he suddenly appeared in Russia. He couldn't explain it but he couldn't explain half the shit he has experienced in the last three years.

The locks to his cell were being unlocked. He watched the door open slowly as the light raided his pupils. He covered the light with his hand.

"Vstavay!" The guard had yelled. Hopper still trying to adjust to the light didn't react right away.

"VSTAVAY!" He yelled louder snapping Hopper into focus. Hopper jolted up and joined the guard who cuffed his hands together.

"Shag!" The guard ordered. Hopper walked alongside through iron hallways for a while until they approached a double door. The guard knocked in a code-like format. Once, twice, once. The doors opened as they move in. He saw a Comrade-General who was standing next to an interrogation chair.

Oh no, not again. He thought, panic swiftly rising through his veins.

The guard shoved him into the chair and began to tie him up

"Sdelat vystrel" The Comrade-general ordered. The guard went over

to the table and brought a gun-shaped thing with fluid inside.

"Seychas".

The guard pointed the gun to Hopper's neck and dispensed the liquid in his neck. The Russians left Hopper alone to his thoughts. This wasn't the first time he had been interrogated, but he was closer and closer to breaking every time. His thoughts went to El, he had been gone a very long time and had hoped that she was okay. He marked Joyce the next person in line to take care of El, he knew Joyce would give her the parenting she needed, but couldn't help but worry anyway, did they get away in time?

Another question that popped through his head was Owens, did they figure everything out, did they take El when they had the chance? No, Owens wouldn't allow that.

After a few minutes, he started laughing uncontrollably, for no particular reason. The doors opened again and revealed the Comrade-General and the guard. The Comrade-General walked over to him.

"What's so funny?" He mocked.

"Let's see, you keep me in this prison in the middle of fuck-all nowhere, Russia, and I am supposed to believe you're gonna let me live if I spill my guts." Hopper stated, laughter taking over him again.

"Where is the girl." He drilled.

"Up your ass!" Hopper laughed again.

The Comrade-General nodded at the guard who drew his arm back and punched Hopper straight in the cheekbone.

"Where is the girl?" He asked again.

Hopper coughed up blood. "If I even knew where she was, I wouldn't tell you. But I don't, okay?" Hopper replied.

"Where is Joyce Byers?" He asked not so nicely.

This is where he always had issues, Joyce. He knew where she moved

to, but the drugs they put in his system always made him want to spill.

"She is in Hawkins last time I heard." He said, knowing full well that wasn't the answer they were looking for.

The Comrade-General nodded over to the table and the guard fetched the pliers. Jim knew what this meant, definitely not pleasure. The guard handed the pliers to the Comrade-General, who positioned them by his hands.

"Where is Joyce Byers."

If he spilled his guts completely, he would be fed to the Demogorgon next door, But what if he gave them a little bit of info? They couldn't find her in a big city like Indianapolis in a day or even a week.

The Russian grabbed his fingers and begin to start pulling.

"Chicago." He said trying to divert their attention away from the truth.

The Comrade-General nodded to the guard and began pulling Hopper's fingernail. Hopper winced and ended up yelling out of sheer pain. The fingernail ended up on the floor.

"Where. Is. Joyce. Byers" the Russkie was getting impatient.

Should I give it to them? Knowing El, she could rip them to shreds if they found her right? But he would be dead, they probably already think he is dead anyways.

I know I'm not getting out of here alive He accepted this as fact. Maybe if I tell them the city, they would be able to get out in time.

"Indianapolis.' He spilled

"Where?" The General in front of him drilled.

"I don't know exactly, but I know she's there." Hopper replied.

The General nodded once again as the guard started pulling a second

finger nail.

"I'm serious, that all I know, I promise." He started crying, well not really, but he had become good at faking it for sure.

"zabrat' yego obratno," He told the guard and left.

The guard took him back to his cell and slammed the door shut.

Yep they're going to kill me.

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Mike and Lucas had exited the school and moved in the direction of the bike rack. When they arrived, Dustin pulled Lucas off to the side and asked,

"Is he okay?"

Lucas nodded as the four proceeded to get on their bikes. Just then eight black cars with tinted windows pulled up to the entrance of the school. When they had stopped, a man in a grey suit and a black tie got out and looked at them. He put his hands in his pockets as he waited.

"What do they want now?" Max asked aloud.

"This can't be good," Dustin stated.

"We should see what they want." Mike offered.

"It's not like we have a choice." Lucas added.

The four got on their bikes and rode across the grass to where the man was. When they arrived, the man spoke.

"Been a few months hasn't it?" Dr. Sam Owens pointed out.

"What do you want?" Mike snapped back.

"Well, I want you all to come with me, we have a lot to discuss." Owens stated.

"I don't know if you ever grew up in the real world, but children aren't supposed to accept rides from shady people." Max retorted.

This made Owens chuckle, "I like this one." he gestured to Max.

"Isn't it all over now? Shouldn't we just forget anything happened?" Mike shot.

"Look, kid, it's far from over." This caused them to look at each other. "The world is on the brink of falling apart, one wrong move and bam. Armageddon."

"So how do you want us to defeat the Russians? I don't know about you but we can't exactly fight a whole military." Dustin countered.

"No you can't, this is about what the Russians are doing, they have the technology to move them anywhere they want," Owens responded.

"Look, Owens. We have been through enough, we have family, lives and most of all, we are children. I really don't think we can help, nor do we want to. Please go find someone else to pester." Mike finalized. The group supported Mike, and got on their bikes and began to ride away.

Owens, realizing he needs them now, and can't stand up to four teenagers at once. Decides to spill

"What if I told you Jim Hopper was alive." He offered.

The group of teens stopped dead in their tracks. Mike visibly getting angry dismounted his bike and marched over to Owens.

"Don't you dare pull us into your bullshit with lies. Hopper died in that base that you assholes couldn't even root out. That is on you, so don't use it to 'convince' us into your trap." Mike scolded.

Owens had enough of this conversation and stepped up. "He is in Russia, they caught him, he didn't die. He is a prisoner." Owens told

the truth.

This caused Mike to stop and consider the possibility, there was no body, nothing left where he supposedly died. It was possible he could've been captured, as the base still had Russians in it, but how could they have gotten out?

"You're probably wondering how they got him. THAT is why I want you to come with us." Owens concluded.

The four kids looked around at each other for a bit, considering the option.

"My mom is gonna want me back in like an hour...." Lucas was interrupted by Max hitting him in the arm..

"Already taken care of." They all stood there looking at him. "What? We are the Government!" he joked. He turned around and proceeded to get into his car.

"I'm assuming you are getting in."

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"Hey get your own fries!" Steve Harrington ordered.

"But they are much better when I don't have to pay for them!" Robin countered.

Yes, the ultimate team, Steve and Robin. They were doing absolutely fantastic, thanks for asking!

No really, the Diner they were at was literally called Fantastic Diner, but according to Steve and Robin they settled for their 'mediocre' food.

Steve had saved up enough money to order a UHaul, he, with Mike's help, got a job at the Steelworks in Indianapolis. It paid really good, and he could you know, buy a better car. Besides, the dipshits needed

a babysitter anyways. Steve was a bit of a lost soul, he wanted to be a better person, especially after the incident with the Demogorgon, his life flashed before his eyes a good number of times over the last couple of years. The funniest of these experiences was when he, you know, was a prisoner of the Soviet Union, and nearly got interrogated to death. Needless to say, his bucket list had been already checked off.

Robin, on the other hand, was doing so much better, especially with her confidence, but it was a challenge dealing with being a lesbian. It was a rough thing to talk about, but of all people, Steve "the hair" Harrington accepted her the most. In fact, they would sit in shitty diners ogling over girls who walked in. Good times. Right about now you're probably asking if she's moving to Indianapolis, well, din-ding-ding, you guessed right. She and Steve are renting a two-bedroom apartment in the big city, she got a job as an intern at the Indianapolis Police Department, I mean why not right?

"Oo, oo, check it out." Steve gestured over to a group of cute girls who walked in the diner. Unfortunately for them, they always looked like a couple, so scoring wasn't an option, but you can only dream, right? Yes, they were nerds, but parental nerds. They loved their children most of all. It's okay Hawkins is a shithole, so.

"Let's go say hi!" Robin challenged.

"Are you serious? You do realize that we are no longer attractive right?"

"No you're no longer attractive, I'm always attractive!" she excluded Steve.

"Ok, ok, first of all, ow, second..... *sigh*."

Robin drug him over to the group.

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Nancy had been working with Murray Bauman in writing stories and

newspaper blogs, he was actually quite fun to work for, but apparently, Bauman had to 'relocate' after what happened at Starcourt, something about Jim using his phone to call the government. Murray would get a story, and send Nancy to investigate it. She was always efficient with stories. She was actually kind of glad about moving to Indianapolis, it was a change, but she needed that. Every time she thought the word Hawkins, she thought Demogorgan, Mind-Flayer, or Russians.

She was currently shopping for Jonathan but didn't know what to get him. It was a challenge to shop for someone who only liked cameras.

She spotted a camera just then above the cash register. A Leica M6, small and portable.

"I'll take that." she told the cashier.

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"Is that everything?" Joyce asked as she slammed the trunk to her 1976 Ford Pinto.

"Nope, one more bag!" Jonathan loaded the suitcase into the back seat behind the headrest.

"Is she planning on wearing all of this?" He retorted to Joyce.

"She's a girl, plus she's going to see her boyfriend, just let her do her thing." Will added.

Jonathan looked oddly at Will, but then shrugged it off

"She is inside, we will go get her." Will stated.

Both Jonathan and Will went to get the new addition to the family. They called for her, but she didn't answer.

"El!" Will shouted

"El! It's time to go!" Jonathan shouted as well.

Realizing that she wasn't answering, they started to panic. They went upstairs and opened the door to her bedroom revealing nothing.

"Where did she go?" Will asked. Just then, a flush sounded from the bathroom and soon after, El appeared seeing both boys staring at her.

"Um.." She was weirded out.

Jonathan broke the awkwardness "Sorry didn't realize you were in there. Let's go!"

The three went downstairs as Jonathan noticed his camera on the kitchen counter. Shit.

"Can't forget this!" He hyped as he grabbed the Pentax camera. Will rolled his eyes, knowing the next week and a half were gonna be logged in Jonathan's camera.

They proceeded outside, Jonathan locking the door behind them. They went to the car. But something wasn't right.

"Will, where's Mom?" Jonathan asked.

"I don't know I went with you remember?" Will retorted.

Suddenly Will felt the hairs on the back of his neck stand up. "Uh, guys... guys! Somethings wrong." Will exclaimed.

El noticed dust coming from the driver's door to the Pinto, she suddenly got a very rotten feeling in her stomach.

"She's gone." El said, definitely not diffusing the situation by any means.

"What do you mean gone?" Will questioned.

"I can't feel her." El added.

"Aren't your powers gone?" Jonathan asked. El gave him a glare. She gestured to the dust all over the car.

"Gone."

"What the hell is going on?!" Jonathan was freaking out.

"Guys, we need to go! NOW!" Will yelled. The hairs on his neck getting stronger.

With that everyone got in the car, with Jonathan in the driver's seat, and sped off.

As they became out of view from the house, a very tall man in a leather jacket appeared from behind the hedge separating the Byers' house and the neighbors. Another man appeared as well.

"(In Russian) Follow them." Grigori ordered. The other man getting onto his motorcycle and riding off.

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Mike and the gang had been wondering what they were supposed to talk about. They were all going to the main government base in Indianapolis. But he didn't wake up that morning thinking he would be in a car with Dr. Owens, going to Indianapolis.

"So are we going to talk, or just sit in silence?" Max piped up after thirty minutes of driving.

"It's all a bit hard to explain, I would rather try to show you." Owens answered.

"Look, we are going four hours out of our way to see what you have to show us. Why can't we just talk about it already?" Mike stated.

"No. We will discuss it when we arrive in Indianapolis." Owens foot his foot down on the matter.

"Can we talk about Hopper maybe?" Mike asked.

"All I know is what I've told you, the Russians captured him, and he is

alive."

The kids in the back seat huffed and kept their mouths shut for the rest of the way.

After around three and a half hours, the motorcade pulled off onto a dirt road that led for another fifteen minutes. The car had been quiet the whole way, wondering how they were gonna get home, the group came to the conclusion that whatever they had to show them had to be good because they went out of their way to make them go out of their way.

Owens car pulled up to the gate with a booth outside. "Dr. Samuel Owens." he said. The guard bent over to look in the car and allowed them to pass, opening the electric gate. The motorcade pulled up to the entrance to a massive facility.

"We're here." Owens confirmed. Everyone proceeded to get out of the car, still silent.

"Follow me." He stated as he led the group through the set of glass double doors.

Mike looked around noticing there were armed guards everywhere. Something big must be going on. He thought.

Owens led them to an elevator, inserted his key card and motioned for them to get in. In which they obeyed. The elevator went down into the ground, but probably around thirty floors when Dustin started looking odd.

"This is a familiar sight." He pointed out, looking back to when he, Erica, and the 'Scoops Ahoy!' employees went into the Russian base under Starcourt mall.

They eventually landed, the elevator doors opened up. Owens led them to a familiar conference room and held the door open for them to go through. As they walked in the room and stood around wondering what the hell was going on.

"I suppose we will be told why we are here now?" Lucas snarked.

"Yes," Owens walked over to the briefcase situated on the table. He reached in his pocket and pulled out a latex glove, punched in a code which made it open up. He pulled a vial of fluorescent-blue liquid.

"What the hell is that?" Lucas drilled.

"This my friends is superpowers in a bottle," Owens answered.

Mike, typically the first one to put two and two together in the group spoke first.

"Wait, is that..." Mike was interrupted.

"The serum Brenner used on subject 011? Yes, but improved."

"Her name is El, don't speak of her in that way!" Mike fumed.

"Right, sorry, El." Owens retracted. Look, kids, I have been trying to scrap this project since they ordered me to continue it. I want nothing more to flush this down the drain, but this vial of liquid is worth about thirty million dollars."

Mike knew what was about to happen, Owens was going to ask one of them to take the vial.

"The Russians have developed teleportation technology, allowing them to influence all factions of American society, important businessmen, scientists, politicians, have been disappeared to this technology since it began. Quite frankly, we are losing." Owens continued.

"What does this have to do with that liquid right there?" Dustin asked.

"Well, because we are losing, we need... El. But she lost her powers and is out of the question. I have been trying to give her the most normal life I can possibly give her. I don't want to involve her." He said looking at Mike. "the solution that Brenner gave El had multiple problems, the biggest of which, it wasn't strong enough. This vial is about fifty times more powerful than Brenner's."

"Whoa, fifty Els" Dustin chimed in

"I need one of you to take this vial. We as Americans need you to take this vial if we were to have a chance at winning this war." Owens spoke.

"Nice speech!" Max retorted. "I think it could use some work, but...." she was interrupted.

"I'll take it." Mike stepped forward.

"What are you talking about Mike? No! You'll be here getting tested on for weeks, years!" Lucas stressed.

"No, I will not let that happen. He will need to be here for a day at the most, but after that, he can lead his life and help us if he chooses. Look, kid, I trust you, but if you want a life of freedom, we do need your help." Owens reassured.

"Wait, why is you who gets superpowers?" Max looked at Mike

"Because he and El are the power couple! He is the paladin." Dustin replied.

"Well?" Mike directed at Owens.

"Mike, I need you to understand that nobody outside your group can know you have these powers, and I need you to understand that your life will never be the same after I put you in that chair."

"Wait a minute, what powers, what will he be able to do?" Lucas asked.

"We are unsure of that, whatever his conscious wants most likely."

"Well? Let's go!" Mike exclaimed. He was getting impatient.

Dr. Owens lead them down the hall to a quarantined room. He opened the door for Mike letting him in. The others were about to walk in as well, but Owens stopped them.

"Can't let you in here." He said point-blank.

"But Mike can go in!" Lucas argued,

"Yes but our friend Mike is about to become supermike! You never know what could happen in there." Dustin argued back.

"You can watch through the window down the hall." Owen pointed to a bench down the hall.

The rest of the group went to go sit down.

Owens walked in the room, where Mike was.

"Mike, if you're having any second thoughts please let me know, preferably before I stick that needle in your arm." he spoke.

"I have spent the last three years being saved, it's time I do the saving myself." Mike commented.

Owens chuckled. "A hero complex is the last thing you need, this isn't DnD."

Owens went to the stainless-steel table and retrieved a hospital gown. He walked back over to Mike and handed it to him.

"There is a room over there, please change into this." Mike obeyed grabbed the gown and walked over to the room. Owens leaving the room.

What was he doing? Why did he step up to take the serum? He thought maybe he wanted to be a hero, but he wasn't a hero, he didn't want to be. But maybe his friends needed it, El also didn't have her powers, and the only way for them to end this once and for all, they needed every bit of him. El, I hope she won't be mad at me for doing this, he thought. He removed his clothes and pulled the gown over his head. He walked out of the room and over to the bed in the center of the room.

Owens and a nurse walked back in the room, the nurse getting a rubber tourniquet and an alcohol wipe. She went to Mike, wrapping the tourniquet above Mike's elbow, and rubbed the inside of his elbow with the wipe. She then connected his arm to a heart rate meter. Owens grabbed the syringe and the vial of blue liquid.

"I hope you don't mind needles." he joked.

Owens aimed the syringe to Mike's arm and asked: "You ready?"

Mike nodded low-key freaking out.

Owens stuck the needle in his arm and pushed down.

Mike cringed briefly out of pain, and Owens dropped the needle into the stainless-steel table and said "Good luck Mike." he said as he walked out the door.

Owens joined the other three kids.

"Why is nothing happening?' Lucas asked.

"Give it a minute."

[Cue music, Sweet dreams - Eurythmics]

After an excruciatingly long minute, Mike began to feel funny, nausea overcame his senses and his heart-rate went through the roof. He began squirming out of pain until the most painful feeling overcame his entire body, he started screaming, his eyes turned black and he could believe the amount of pain he was in. Blood started running out of his nose and dripped onto the bed.

The other kids were freaking out, Lucas saying to stop it, Max trying to get into the room, Dustin just staring with absolute shock. Suddenly Mike started levitating in the air, causing lights to flicker and the heart-rate monitor going up to 300 beats per minute. What was going on wasn't normal at all. The screams just got louder and louder.

"I'm feeling something again." Will reached behind his neck. Jonathan and El just looked at him. "Something big just happened."

"Holy shit, c'mon Mike you can do it!" Dustin cheered.

Another minute of this went on, and Mike fell out of the air back into the bed, passed out. The lights stopped flickering, and the group just watched in awe, including Owens. He was just as amazed as everyone

else.

"What now?" Max asked?

"Good question...." He pondered for a minute. "You kids want a drink?" Owens asked. "I think I have a bottle of scotch in my desk."

The kids just stared at him out of confusion, "What the police aren't gonna arrest you here!"

They followed him down the hall.

Panning back to Mike, getting closer to his face, he was completely asleep, without anything major to happen.

He suddenly opened his eyes and vanished into thin air.

Vanished.

Gone.

{A/N} I hope you enjoyed! I would love to hear your feedback, questions, fanmail, anything you want to throw my way DO IT.

See yall in a bit!

- Reddinator1000

2. Chapter 2: The Portal

{A/N} Hey everyone!

I know I said that it would be about 10 days between chapters, but I need to write this one right after the release of the first chapter, I have spent the last two days straight writing this chapter, but it was completely worth it. At the end of this chapter, I will write answers to some questions that have been asked. So if you want to be featured in the next chapter, review or PM a question or statement!

The next chapter still needs an outline, so at most 7 days till the release of Chapter 3. Oh boy is it gon' get gud!

If you have any feedback whatsoever, please feel free to talk to me. I'M LONELY!

Anyways, here goes!

Chapter Two: The Portal.

The pain.

The pain, it was so unbearable. Every nerve in Mike's body felt like it was being torn apart one by one, he screamed like he couldn't even believe and just wanted it to stop. He should've gone home when he had the chance. Why didn't he go home? Why didn't he get on his bike and ride off? But questions like that didn't help him at all. He felt like he was going to blow up as if he was a water balloon.

Finally, he couldn't take it anymore and just collapsed. His body fell back onto the bed and suddenly he was in a dark room. The floor consisted of water and darkness in every direction. He began walking, every movement he made echoed throughout the darkness. Mike realized where he was. The Astral Plane. Yes, it was the same Astral Plane that El used to find people or to view memories of those people.

So this is what it looks like. He thought.

It was super weird to him, as he was in excruciating pain just a second ago, but now he felt nothing. He just felt normal.

Voices started flying by him, he turned, startled by them. Suddenly voices overtook the room, they were everywhere. The noises began to become visible until he could see every one of them, they were memories of El. The memories were flying around him like a tornado, with him at the center until they eventually stopped and merged into one single memory. The memory stood still right in front of him.

He slowly walked towards the memory and reached his hand out to touch it when he was sucked in.

[Flashback]

"WILL!" Mike was yelling. It was pouring down rain and the party was searching for a missing Will Byers. This is where the whole thing began, everything. This moment began his journey into the supernatural, and love. His life would never be the same. What was odd about the memories, he felt like he was in the moment, acting out each individual memory. He didn't know what was real or not.

A sound from the bushes nearby caused them to jump.

"Did you guys hear that?". The noise sounded again and they shone their flashlights in the direction of the sound.

A girl with a shaved stood there, wearing nothing but a very long tee-shirt and pants. She was soaked from head to toe, due to the relentless rain.

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"Well, my name's Mike, short for Michael." This memory was of a couple of years ago; Mike was hiding El in his basement and had just built the fort for her to sleep in. This was after Dustin and Lucas left.

"Maybe we can call you El! Short for Eleven." He offered.

She nodded, not taking her eyes off of him.

"Um, well, okay..... Night El." He got up to close the curtain to the fort.

"Night Mike." She responded.

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"Just... trust me okay?" He told her. She was sitting in Mike's dad's la-z-boy.

Mike was showing her around the house trying to keep her occupied so she didn't have to stay in an unknown place all day by herself.

She nodded as he pulled the lever to the piece of furniture sending her flying back. They started laughing.

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After the makeover to bring her to the middle school for Will's remembrance, she walks out of his bedroom as they're all waiting in the hallway. Mike turns around and he goes speechless.

"Wow! She looks....." Dustin began.

"Pretty!.good."

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"El?" Mike asks. Every time he was around her he felt butterflies in his stomach.

"Yes?" she turns to face him.

"Uh-uhm, I'm happy your home." He said.

"Me too."

Their faces got closer and closer. Going in for a kiss, they could practically breath on each other, just as they were going in. Dustin interrupted, barging through the door and causing the two to separate.

"Guys! It's Lucas, I think he's in trouble." Dustin panicked.

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"Maybe we can go to the snowball.. together." Mike offered.

"Snowball?" She questioned.

"Yeah, it's this cheezy school dance where you go to the gym and dance to music and stuff... You go to dances with someone that.. You know... someone that you... like." He was as nervous as he could possibly be at this point, he practically just asked a girl on a date.

"Friend?" she responded

*"Not a friend, *sigh*, uh..... Uh, someone like a....." he couldn't speak. She stared at him, waiting for an answer.*

He decided to just go for it. He closed in and kissed her, briefly, but it was one of the best things he'd ever done. He broke the kiss and her already beautiful doe eyes had expanded even more. She was in literal shock. Mike couldn't believe he had done it, he did it!

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"Just hold on a little longer, okay?" They were running from the Demogorgon and the bad men at the same time. El's power had been severely drained and she was having a hard time even staying awake.

"Bad man's gone! We will be home soon. An-and my mom, she'll get you your own bed, and, you can eat as many eggos as you want!" Mike comforted. She had started crying. "And, we-we can go to the Snowball."

"Promise?" She asked.

"Promise."

Then a few minutes after, she disappeared after, destroying the Demogorgon. His whole world was ripped apart, she died, to save them. He knew then that he loved her, whether he knew what it was then or not, he loved her, and she was gone.

He didn't give up on her. He rang her every night for almost a year, doing everything he could to get her back.

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When everyone was hunkered in the Byers' house, waiting to fight off a Demogorgon herd, she unlocked the front door and opened it. Mike couldn't believe it. It was her, it was EL So many emotions were flying through him at once. She also couldn't believe she was finally reunited with him.

They walk closer and closer towards each other.

"Eleven?"

"Mike."

They embraced each other for what felt like hours, but Mike had to see her face once more. They both were in tears.

"I never gave up on you..... I called you every night... every night for.."

"For 353 days..... I heard."

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Mike was sitting on a chair, knowing he couldn't be at the Snowball with El, it was too dangerous for her, but that didn't stop him from wanting to see her. Suddenly the doors to the gym opened and there she was. She was looking around for him, but eventually found him. He stood up as their eyes locked. Mike couldn't believe how beautiful she was.

They walked over to meet each other, their eyes not once diverting from each other. Mike's nerves were getting to him, but he eventually spoke.

"Y-you look beautiful." He pointed out.

El smiled and blushed at the compliment, she felt butterflies in her stomach when he said that.

"D-do you want to dance?" He asked.

El looked around the room for a moment, eventually laying her eyes back on to his.

"I-I don't know how."

"I don't know either." Mike shrugged. "Do you want to figure it out?"

She nodded. He took her hand in his and led her into the middle of the crowd.

"I-I think, like this." He lifted her arms upon his shoulders. "Yeah, like that."

*She smiled when he put his arms around her back. They both stared deeply into each other's eyes as they got used to the tempo of **[Every breath you take- Police]**. After a while, they both captured the moment and seized the kiss.*

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"I wish I was still with you." She spoke into the radio.

"I know. Me too, but I'll see you tomorrow alright? First thing." He answered.

"Tomorrow."

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"It's 9:32. Where are you?" She asked.

"Sorry, I-I-I was just about to call. I um, I can't see you today." This was one of Mike's less favorite memories of El. He hated lying to her but needed to in order to preserve the relationship.'

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"What are you doing here?" Mike drilled. He, Lucas and Will stumbled upon El and Max at Starcourt mall.

The disgusted glare that she gave him was enough for him to realize he shouldn't have lied.

"Shopping." She retorted.

"This is her new style. What do you think?" Max added.

"What's wrong with you? You know she's not allowed to be here." Mike

chastised Max, ignoring the question

"What is she, your little pet?" Max countered.

"Yeah, am I your pet?"

This definitely wasn't the way Mike wanted this conversation to go.

"What? No!"

"Then why do you treat me like garbage? You said Nanna was sick."

"She is! She Is! She is sick!" Mike gestured to Lucas.

"Yeah she's sick, she's super sick!" Lucas encouraged. "That's why we're here, actually."

"Yeah, we are shopping! Not for us, but for her, for Nanna!" Mike continued to lie.

"For Nanna!" Lucas confirmed.

"Also we are here to get a gift for you, at least we couldn't find anything that suited you, and I only have like three dollars and fifty cents so it's... hard."

"Super hard!" Lucas added again. "It's expensive."

"You lie." El stated.

Mike knew that he couldn't lie to her anymore and was very intimidated by her at that moment. He couldn't help but look ashamed. Damn you, Hopper!

"Why do you lie?" She drilled. The hurt in her eyes was getting worse and worse.

Mike wanted to tell her the truth, to tell her what Hopper made him do, but that would just make things worse.

She stepped closer to him and got up right in his face. He was literally shaking out of fear of what she was about to say.

"I dump your ass!" She concluded.

Mike felt that his whole world was falling apart. She just broke up with him. Why did this have to happen? He just stood there speechless as El and Max just stormed away.

In the hospital waiting on Nancy and Jonathan to come back from seeing Mrs. Driscoll, Mike sat next to El with M&M's in his hand.

"Hey." He said. Still scared of her.

"Hi." She said back, still with a bit of an attitude.

"Does your species like M&M's?" He offered.

She stuck her hand out as he poured a handful in her hand. A smile slowly crept on her face, regardless of how much he made her mad, she couldn't be mad at him forever. She couldn't help but smile at him.

"I like the new look, by the way, it's cool!" He complimented.

Every time he complimented her, she just got butterflies. She loved it when he complimented her.

"Seriously Mike?" Nancy questioned.

"I'm just trying to demonstrate how careless Max is with Eleven's powers! In fact how careless all of you are! You're treating her like some kind of machine when she's not a machine, and I don't want her to die looking for the flayed when obviously they've vanished off the face of the earth. So can we PLEASE, come up with a new plan because I love her and I can't lose her again!" Mike realized what he said. It was official now. He loved her and didn't want her to go. Funny, he ended up being right in the end.

Everyone was speechless, they didn't know what to say and couldn't argue with him over that.

El walked out of the bathroom after hearing the shouting.

"What's going on?" She asked.

Nobody said anything, still in shock of Mike's spiel.

"Nothing! Nothing." He stated.

"Just family discussion," Lucas confirmed.

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The scene goes to when the Byers' and El were moving away. Mike and El shared an exchange with each other.

"Mike?" El turned to look at him.

"Yeah?" Mike turned to look at her.

"R-remember that day... at the cabin, you were talking to Max?" She brought up

Mike knew what was about to happen, and wanted to avoid the subject if he could.

"Uhm... I don't think I follow" he responded knowing damn well he was following.

"You talked about y-your feelings.... Your heart..."

"Ohh, OHHH. Yeah, that. Man, that was SO long ago." he said, trying to divert the conversation. "You know, just some heat of the moment stuff and we were arguing ...an..and... I don't really remember.....w-what did I say exactly?" He realized she probably knew what he said.

"Mike..." She walked over to him, teddy bear in arm, until she cupped his face in her hand. She looked him dead in the eyes and smiled.

"...I love you too." She said. Then kissed him.

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These memories flashed in a constant loop, over and over again. They were the most memorable memories he had with El. Not knowing what was real, he felt like he was in each individual one, feeling

them as if they were real. Suddenly he returned to the plane and fell into the water.

He got back up, heart racing, and noticed a blue circular object. It appeared to be a spiral, but it called to him. It wanted him to go through. He walked slowly over to the spiral. The closer he got, the more it felt like he was being sucked in, it was like a black hole, but not a physical black hole, more of a mental one.

He stopped right in front of it and reached his hand, touching the spiral. It drew him in. He started falling, speed increasing as he began flailing about and yelling out of fear. Around him appeared to be some sort of tube, but he couldn't make out what it was exactly.

After about a minute or so, he noticed a light below him, approaching him very quickly. He was falling into the light. If only he realized right away where he was when he fell through.

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[Indianapolis Government Compound | December 20th, 1985, 8:13 pm]

"Ahah! There it is!" Dr. Sam Owens took out a bottle of scotch, as well as four glasses as well. He pushed the drawer shut with his foot and set the glasses on his desk. The kids were staring at him intently, like *was this guy really going to give us alcohol?*

He began pouring a shot in the bottom of each glass. "Lagavulin sixteen-year Islay single-malt scotch whiskey." He stated as he continued pouring, stopping for just a moment. "It's older than you lads here." He chuckled.

"Um, are you sure this is okay?" Lucas questioned. Dustin hit him in the arm.

"Dude, he's giving us alcohol, don't question it." he shot.

Owens chuckled again. "It's not like I'm gonna tell your parents." he

jested. He gave each of the kids a glass.

He held up his own glass and said. "To Mike!"

"To Mike!" the three responded. They all chugged the liquid when Lucas and Dustin started coughing uncontrollably.

"What's the matter, too strong for you pussies?" Max teased.

"I'm dying, I'm dying." Lucas coughed.

"Holy shit, what is that?" Dustin asked.

"That my young friends, is adulthood." Owens responded.

Just then the alarms went off and the lights went dim. Owens, realizing immediately that it involved Mike, shot up out of his chair and ran to the door, flinging it open.

Dusting was watching this unfold and too realized it was Mike.

"Its Mike!" He shouted

"Stay here!" Owens panicked as he ran down the hallway to the window where Mike's room was. He went to the booth on the other side of the room and ran in.

"What's going on, where's the kid?!" He asked one of the scientists in the room.

"Sir, he vanished." The man alerted.

"Vanished? What do you mean, vanished?" He stressed.

"I-I'm not sure he was there one moment and then gone the next! I swear!" the man responded

"Get some men here! NOW!" Owens ordered.

He ran back around to the window when he saw the kids looking into the room.

"I told you guys to stay!" he complained.

"W-where's Mike?!" Max drilled.

"I'm not sure! He just vanished."

Owens being a scientist for the government had seen a lot of shit go on in his life, unexplainable events, espionage, interdimensional travel, but a kid disappearing into thin air under his watch was something he hadn't experienced before.

Guards showed up to Owens' side as he led them through the door into the room. He walked over to the bed and noticed dust everywhere.

"What the hell?" He thought aloud.

Then it dawned on him.

Fuck. Teleportation. Mike was teleported out of the room.

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[Interrogation Room, Location unknown.]

Joyce's eyes fluttered open, light filled the room and invaded her eyes. She was awake. She took a quick look around, realizing it was some sort of interrogation room; steel walls, a glass window, and a table, of which she was leaning on.

She tried retracing her steps, she was outside waiting on the boys to get El because they had to leave for Hawkins for the Holidays. This was her most recent memory.

She was handcuffed to the table and her legs were tied to the chair she was sitting on. She wanted to scream but she had a cloth tied in her mouth, keeping her from talking. She tried screaming through it, but nobody was entering the room.

She gave up and sulked, hoping her kids weren't in this mess either. *I hope they got away.*

After a few minutes, a Russian man wearing a Soviet military uniform walked in. He glared at her trying to impose a sense of intimidation. He went over to her and untied the cloth, allowing her to speak.

"Where am I?!" she stressed.

"You son of a bitch! WHERE AM I!" she yelled.

The man backhanded her across the face, sending her head flinging back.

"You don't ask question, I do. Understyand?...UNDERSTYAND?" He stated.

She kept quiet, wincing in pain. Hatred and disgust overtook her as she nodded.

"Good." He sat on the table. "Where is Jane Hopper?" he asked.

The question took her by surprise, why would they want El? Did they think she still had her powers?

"Where is Jane Hopper." He asked again, more firmly.

"I don't know okay?" she responded.

He backhanded her again, causing her to whimper.

"One. More. Time.... Where is Jane Hopper." He drilled.

She spat in his face, causing the man to flinch. He stood up and wiped his face with a handkerchief.

"Idi syuda!" he yelled. Another man marched into the room.

"General!" he saluted.

"voz'mi etu suka na *Kamchatka*." he ordered, staring directly at Joyce. He then walked to the door and left.

The guard took out a set of keys and undid her handcuffs, then her ankle cuffs.

"Vstavay!" he ordered. "Gyet up."

She stood up as best as she could with the energy she had. The guard went to cuff her hands back when she spun around and clocked him in the face, knocking him back. She made a run for the door but was stopped by the guard grabbing her arm and backhanding her on to the floor. He cuffed her arms behind her back and shoved her out the door.

They walked down a hallway that appeared very American, as if they had taken over an abandoned police station. There was a map of Indiana, with little Soviet flags placed on it.

Base locations. It didn't take a genius to figure that one out. There had to have been ten or so bases around the state, the biggest of which was in Indianapolis.

They kept walking for another five minutes when they eventually approached an elevator. The guard pressed the button, which opened the door. He pushed her in and followed. He pressed the 'down' button. The elevator went down for what seemed like minutes.

After a few minutes, the elevator stopped and opened up to a massive room with scientists and uniforms everywhere. He dragged her over to a wall with around twenty-five doors in a row. Each door had a different Russian name, but she couldn't decipher it.

What she saw put her in awe, a blue spiral was spinning in the middle of the room, without gravitational support at all.

What the hell is that? She'd always believed that weird shit just happened to her, but this was weirder than the gate to the Upside Down.

"Move!" The guard ordered. She looked back at him as he gestured for her to go into the spiral. "MOVE!"

She walked towards the spiral slowly, disbelief was still on her mind when she reached out to touch it. Her fingers disappeared into the spiral until the guard shoved her into it.

She came out on the other side and she was suddenly in a dark and

very cold room. Another uniform came up to her and grabbed her arm.

"Where are you taking me?!" she shouted. They walked by a room with a full-grown Demogorgon. She immediately freaked out, realizing that they must've figured out how to get to the Upside Down somehow. If they had a Demogorgon, that meant a portal was open, which meant so many possibilities. Most of which were horrific.

Today was definitely full of surprises, but the biggest surprise had yet to come. They walked up a terribly long set of stairs and into a room full of prison cells. The guard went to one of the doors and opened it, throwing her in.

She looked around the room and noticed a man over in the corner. He looked awfully familiar. He had a beard that went down to his chest. She got up off of the floor and walked over to the man.

"What are you in here for?" the man asked.

Holy shit, that's Hopper! What was he doing here? He died! I fried him into dust! HE's dead! WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON!?

The man repositioned himself to face her. When their eyes locked, Hopper quickly moved into a standing position.

"JOYCE?!" he yelled?

"JIM?!" she yelled back.

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[One hour outside of Hawkins, Indiana. | December 20th, 1985, 8:19 pm | Radio: *Everybody wants to rule the world - Tears for fears.*]

"I thought it wasn't supposed to snow," Will spoke.

The three had been driving for five hours now and were all getting very tired. Jonathan had been pushing through the snowstorm but was unsure of whether the Pinto could make it through all the way. It was pitch black outside, and people were pulling over on the side of the road to keep from getting into an accident.

The car had been fairly quiet that last few hours, they all unsure of what to do with Joyce gone.

"We need to get to Nancy, Mike, and everyone else right away," Jonathan stated. "They might not know what to do, but it's our best chance at finding Mom."

El's face was on the side of the door, looking out into the darkness of the night. It reminded her of the plane she used to travel to find people. She would use her powers to find Joyce, but being that they didn't exist anymore, it was hopeless.

Will reached his hand behind his neck, and started breathing heavy.

"Will what's wrong?" Jonathan asked.

"I-I'm not sure.... I only felt this when the Mind-Flayer was nearby!" Will responded

Just then a blue spiral appeared on the roof of the car next to where El was sitting. Jonathan swerved the car, Will panicking and staring intently at the spiral.

"WHAT THE HELL!?" Jonathan shouted.

Just then, somebody fell through the portal and onto the seat next to El. Causing Jonathan to swerve once again, almost running off of the road. He pulled the Pinto over and stopped.

"Mike?" El noticed the person looked like Mike, it was Mike?

"Mike?!" Jonathan and Will responded.

"M-mike! Mike, are you okay?" El tried waking him up but he was out cold. She felt tears stinging her eyes as she tried to get him to wake up. She grabbed his shoulders and shook him, but it was no use.

Jonathan got out and opened the door where Mike was sitting. He felt Mike's neck for a pulse, and when he received one, he exhaled loudly.

"He's alive at least. How the hell did he get here?"

Jonathan was tired of asking questions, every time he did, things just got weirder. He got back in the front seat and pulled back out onto the road.

El cuddled up next to Mike, still crying, wanting him to come awake right now, but he didn't. This definitely wasn't the way she was hoping to reunite with him, but feeling him against her comforted her more than you could imagine.

"Some weird shit is going on, Mom disappearing, Mike appearing out of nowhere..... Any theories?" Jonathan asked.

Will unsure of what to think anymore just sat silent, and El cuddled up to an unconscious Mike, wasn't really thinking about it. El looked up at Mike's face and noticed his nose had been bleeding, she wiped his face with her sleeve. Something terrible had happened, but she was starting to figure it out.

"I think Mike has powers." she alluded.

"What?" both Will and Jonathan asked at that same time.

"Think about it, he showed up out of nowhere with a bloody nose." she pointed out.

"That doesn't mean he has powers!" Will exclaimed.

"Yeah, then why did the hair stand up on the back of your neck?" she pointed out again.

This caused Will to contemplate what was going on, it made sense... wait no, none of this made any sense.

After one painfully long hour, Jonathan had made Hawkins. They finally pulled into the Motel 6 and parked in at the lobby.

"Be right back." Jonathan stated. He got out and jogged through the doors to the lobby.

Mike still hadn't woken up, and El hadn't left his side from cuddling him. She wanted him to wake up so bad, she wanted him to see her. But it wasn't happening. It was like he was in a coma.

"I thought this was over...." Will sulked.

"What do you mean?" El asked.

"I thought moving away would get me away from this supernatural shit, but it hasn't. It only got worse." tears visible in his eyes.

El thought that that statement was a bit selfish on Will's part, but kept her mouth shut. Joyce had been missing, and they practically abandoned the house. Not really in the mood for confrontation, El laid her head down on Mike's chest.

Jonathan came out with a set of keys for the room they were about to check in. Jonathan pulled to car over to room 137 and turned off the car. He and Will got out of the car. Jonathan tossed the keys to Will.

"Unlock the door." he said. Will walked over to the door to unlock it.

Jonathan opened the back door to get Mike. He positioned his arms to carry Mike. He lifted the unconscious body and carried him to the door of the motel room. With the door already open, he went in and laid Mike down on the bed. El not far behind. She again cuddled up to Mike on the bed once more, clearly not leaving his side anytime soon.

"Okay! I can get the bags." Jonathan retorted.

[Indianapolis Government Compound | December 20th, 9:19 pm]

Dustin, Lucas and Max were sitting in the hallway outside Owens' office and had been for quite a while. They every once in a while heard shouting and swearing from the other side of the door. Unsure of what to do, or where to go they just sat in silence, at least for the

most part

"What are we going to do?" Lucas asked no one in particular.

"No clue, it's obvious they're still keeping secrets from us, so we can't trust them fully," Max responded.

Dustin thought about what has happened, Owens obviously didn't know what was going on, otherwise, this would've played out much smoother than it did.

"Owens is clueless." He stated.

"What do you mean?" Lucas questioned.

"Let's face it, Mike just vanished off the face of the earth, where did he go? Didn't Hopper too, vanish off the face of the earth?" He continued.

The other two were looking at him with visible confusion.

"The gate?" he added.

Still confused, they continued to just stare.

"Isn't it weird that when Hopper supposedly died...

"Supposedly?" Lucas and Max said in unison.

"...supposedly, there was no body?" He continued.

"The machine turned him into dust remember?" Max argued.

"Not according to Owens." Lucas pointed out.

"Yes, but weird there Russians who also got fried but if you remember, there was still remains? Like a skull, or part of one, and lots of dust."

"What are you getting at?" Lucas asked.

"Think of it, no remains? He vanished, just like Mike. Mike vanished too." Dustin stated. "I think the Russians got to Mike too," he

concluded.

"How though? We are in the bottom of a super-secret government base." Lucas countered.

"Spies." Max bumped in.

"Exactly." Dustin confirmed.

"So what do we do?"

"We get the hell out of here. Before the Russians teleport us out too."

Just then the door to Owens' office opened, scientists, leaving in a rush and with fear-filled faces. Owens looked at the three.

"I need to get you guys home. I ordered a helicopter to fly you back to Hawkins." He stated.

"What about Mike?" Dustin questioned.

"Honestly kid, I don't know, the Russians may have got to him, he may have teleportation abilities, I don't know." He answered.

"So let me get this straight. You tested on Mike, not knowing what was going to happen, or even if he was gonna die? Your little potion could've killed him?" Max drilled.

"Quite possibly."

"Fuck this." Lucas exclaimed. "Get us back home before we become one of your little lab rats!"

Dustin and Max nodded.

Owens with a look of defeat on his face waved at one of the armed guards. "Take them home." The guard obeyed and went to collect the three. "Also, I really am sorry to drag you into this, if I had known, I wouldn't have experimented on Mike."

"Yeah, go fuck yourself!" Max insulted when she threw up both middle fingers.

The three were escorted out to the elevator when they reached the top of the building, a helicopter was waiting for them.

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"What are you doing here?!" Jim exclaimed.

"What am I doing here?! What are YOU doing here?! I fried you, remember?" Joyce exclaimed back.

The two embraced in a very long hug.

"You didn't kill me Joyce, and even if you had, I nodded for you to do it." he comforted.

Joyce started laughing uncontrollably.

"What? What? What's so funny?" he looked concerned.

"I can fit my arms around you now! You're no longer 'Fat Rambo'!" she continued to chuckle.

"Yeah, yeah. I went on a diet." He joked.

Hoppers world became so much better, when Joyce was around him, he felt like such a better person. His thoughts went to El.

"Is El okay?!"

"She's fine, I hope." she responded.

"You hope?!" he exclaimed.

They eventually broke the hug.

"Yeah well, we were supposed to visit Hawkins for Christmas, we were about to leave when.... You know. They interrogated me on her whereabouts, so obviously they don't know where she is! Knowing them, they decided to go anyways."

"Great, so she's gonna be alone with the Wheeler kid." he reacted.

"We are trapped in a Russian cell, and you're concerned about whether or not El is gonna be with Mike for ten days?" she snapped.

"Ten days? Jesus Christ Joyce!"

"Yeah well, it's not like I wanted to be captured and taken to prison," she responded.

She considered her location for a brief moment.

"So is this like their Indianapolis base or something?" she asked.

Hopper gave her a judgmental frown. "Indianapolis?"

"Yeah, isn't that where we are?" she asked again.

Hopper, knowing what Joyce would do when he told her, she would do absolutely everything in her power to get out of here, and in the process, getting them both killed. But he knew he had to tell her, he knew that if he didn't, things would go much worse. If they did die, at least it would be together.

"Joyce..." he started.

The look she gave him made him want to crawl in a hole and die.

"Joyce, we aren't in America."

"What do you mean, 'not in America?'" she began to panic.

"Joyce, we are in Russia...." he said it.

"...what?"

"We are in Russia, Kamchatka, Russia." he confirmed.

She took a long pause and turned away, realizing her life was probably over. She sat down and pulled her hands to her face. Hopper just watched, he honestly thought she would explode out of anger, he didn't expect this.

"Russia..... Russia....." she ran through the possibility in her head.

"It-it-it can't be true.... I was just in Indianapolis...." she denied.

"Did you go through a portal?" he asked.

"A portal?"

"Yeah, a blue circular thingy?" He continued.

"Yeah, they pushed me through."

"That's a portal." he affirmed. "You were in Indianapolis most likely, but they have portals everywhere Joyce. How do you think I ended up here?"

She took another long pause to consider everything. Jim sat down next to her and pulled her in for a side hug, kissing her head and rubbing her arm.

"I'm sorry." he said. "I'm sorry for everything."

"It's not your fault Hop, you did everything you could." he assured.

"I could have kicked that Russian terminator's ass sooner." He chuckled.

She chuckled back.

"Hop?" she asked innocently.

"Yeah?"

"Why do they have Demogorgons here?"

The helicopter ride was rather short, but honestly, Dustin couldn't complain. After what they just went through, he just wanted to go home.

The helicopter landed on the lawn in front of the school, it had been snowing like crazy and they likely wouldn't be able to ride their bikes home in the cold. The escort suit had thrown coats in their direction

as soon as they got off the helicopter.

"Thanks?" Lucas grasped the coat.

The helicopter took off, sending their way a blizzard of snow.

"Guess we should've put these on before they left huh?" Dustin commented looking at the other two.

"Well you two should've, I was smart." Max retorted with her coat already on.

No one answered.

"Okay, I guess nobody heard me." she said.

They approached their bicycles on the rack. Quiet was the only noise that had taken over the group since the helicopter took off. They got on their bikes.

"I guess I'll see you guys tomorrow?" Lucas asked unsure of what else to do, or say.

Dustin knew they could do something, the first thing was to let everyone know what was going on. They needed to let Nancy know, but then they would have to explain Mike's disappearance to his parents. That wasn't an option. Dustin came up with an idea.

"Guys we need to tell Steve." he disclosed.

"Why Steve?" Max asked.

"I don't know if you guys can remember or not, but I was trapped in a Russian base with them for a full day. Steve, as frail as he is, may have some good ideas." Dustin added.

"Yeah and that cute chick, Robin." Lucas nodded with a smile.

Max gave him a glare from hell when he realized what he said.

"Uh, uhm, not as cute as you though Max!" he exclaimed.

Max rolled her eyes and got on her bike.

"Let's go." she ordered.

The other two got on their bikes and followed Max.

"Dude, seriously?" Dustin questioned Lucas, being quiet enough that Max couldn't hear.

"What?" Lucas whispered back.

"You amaze me." Dustin shook his head and caught up with Max

"What?!" Lucas asked again.

[The Harrington Residence, Hawkins. | 9:57 pm | Radio: *Uptown Girl* - Billy Joel]

Steve had been trying to revert to his jock-like ways for three years now, becoming more unsuccessful than he ever believed he could.

I guess that's what happens when you try to be a good person. He thought, more like a nerd.

However, tonight, he ended up hooking up with one of the chicks from the diner, the first score he had actually had in a couple of years. They were on the couch kissing away.

"Oh man, I never thought I would ever be kissing Steve 'the Hair' Harrington, like, ever." she said steamily, before going back in.

Steve grunted in response, continuing his kiss. He reached behind the girls' back and started fiddling with the hook to her bra.

"OoOoo!" she moaned, Steve continuing his quest.

He stopped for a second. "Bedroom?"

She nodded so ecstatically. He grabbed her hand and led her to the stairway, walking up the stairs when....

DING DONG

Shit why now of all times.

"It's probably a kid playing a prank or something." the girl said, trying to redirect Steve's attention.

He agreed and continued his trek upstairs, oh boy was he gonna get some...

DING DONG, DING DONG, DING DONG

The doorbell kept ringing, forcing Steve to stop.

"I'm sorry, I have to get this." he apologized.

Steve ran back down the stairs to open the door, looking out the peephole as seeing literally the last people he wanted to on his porch.

If he ignored them, they wouldn't know he was there.

"Steve, we know you're in there!" Dustin yelled from the other side of the door.

Steve rolled his eyes and flung the door open.

"Sup nerds?" He greeted and then nodded at Dustin. "Roast beef."

"Steve, it's a code red," Dustin answered back.

"Yeah, well I'm kinda busy," he argued.

"Yeah, well I kinda don't care." Lucas mocked.

"I have a date over right now." Steve countered

"And I have a world to save, so you gonna let us in or what?" Lucas ordered.

"What part of 'I have a date over' do you not understand?" Steve retorted.

"What's her name?" Max asked him.

"What?" he said

"What. Is. Her. Name?" Max asked again.

Steve stopped for a moment, trying to remember the girl's name.

"It's.... It's uhm..." he paused for a moment. "Laura? Lauren?"

The group of kids stared at him with judgment in their eyes for a few seconds.

"I realize this is something you midgets wouldn't understand, but I haven't been laid in like two years, so if you would pLeAsE get off of my porch and let me have this..."

"We were picked up by the government today, they took us to Indianapolis where they gave Mike superpowers and told us the Russians have developed teleportation and... Oh yeah, Jim Hopper's still alive." Dustin interrupted.

Steve gulped, knowing at some point he was going to have to give in. He went to say something multiple times but didn't know what to say.

Shit.

"What's the matter? Cat got your tongue?" Max teased.

"The Chief is still alive?" he asked.

"Can we talk now?"

"Ugh, fine." Steve gave in.

The three just barged in past Steve.

"Please, come in!" He gestured to no one.

After Steve asked his date to leave, he came to the living room where Dustin, Lucas, and Max were sitting.

"Okay, what have you dipshits gotten yourself into now?"

The group told him everything.

Steve was just sitting in his recliner looking at nowhere in particular.

They waited for him to respond, but he didn't have any.

"Wait, wait, wait. Hold on. Owens gave you booze?" he finally piped up.

"That's what you got from this?" Lucas asked

"I'm just saying, like, a man from the government gave you booze, I mean, that's pretty fucked up." he added.

"Steve, what do you think of everything else." Dustin redirected.

Steve continued to think. "Well, it sounds like you're fucked." He concluded.

"I told you he wouldn't be helpful!" Max exclaimed.

Max got up to leave, "Let's go home guys, he's not helping us."

Lucas got up, Dustin following soon after.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa, where do you think you're going?" He drilled.

"I literally just said, home." Max retorted.

"Nuh-uh, you're staying here, you came to me for a babysitter, that's what you get." he finalized.

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[Room 137, Motel 6, Hawkins. | Same time | Radio: *In the air tonight* - Phil Collins

Jonathan just finished unpacking the car, suitcases were sprawled out across the hotel room. Will was reading a comic book on the bed, it read *Uncanny X-Men*, issue #200, *The Trail of Magneto*. El was on the other bed still cuddled up to Mike.

"This is the last bag." Jonathan huffed. Slightly annoyed that his other two siblings didn't help with literally anything at all.

Nobody answered.

"Alright then, well I am gonna go call Nancy and let her know whats going on." Jonathan informed. He walked out of the motel room on his way to use the payphone.

Will closed his comic.

"I'm going to the vending machine, do you want something?" he asked.

El looked at him and nodded slowly.

"Okay be right back." he went to the door and left, leaving El and an unconscious Mike alone.

"Mike?" she vocalized.

No answer.

"Mike, it's me. If you can hear me, please wake up, I can't bear to see you like this anymore." she sobbed.

No answer.

"I love you, Mike, I love you so much. More than you could imagine. I have loved you ever since you first kissed me at the school when we were running from the bad men. I didn't know what it was then but I know now." she admitted.

His face was as soft and innocent as ever, glistening in the light of the lights in the room. He was beautiful. Even though he was asleep, she felt he was listening somehow. She felt his lips with her hand before she reached up and kissed him.

God, she missed his lips. She missed him, missed everything about him.

She broke the kiss and laid her head on his chest.

"Remember the Snowball?" she asked him, not expecting a response. "It was two years ago, we had just reunited a few days before. I

remember walking in and seeing you sitting at that table, you were so depressed, looking off in the distance." she sniffled. "And then you saw me and your whole mood went through the roof. I felt the same then too."

She brushed his hair back. That goofy mop.

"Neither of us knew how to dance, but we figured it out ...together." she sniffled again and began to shed tears.

"I can't handle being without you, Mike. When I'm not with you, I feel lost, I can't figure anything out," she admitted. "I love the Byers', they've helped me learn about the world, more than you could know. But you showed me more than I realized. You showed me friendship, loyalty, *love*. You showed me how to live, and that life was worth something."

El was fully crying now.

"I wish I could move back to see you every day, to be with you... every day."

That's right, Mike hadn't told her he was moving to Indianapolis. He wanted to surprise her when Christmas came along. His biggest present to her was, well, himself.

Jonathan deposited a dime into the phone booth, dialing the Wheelers' phone number. The phone rang and rang until someone picked up.

"Hello, Wheeler residence." Karen greeted from the other end.

"Um, hi Mrs. Wheeler." Jonathan spoke.

"Jonathan! How are you doing?" she asked.

"Good, thank you. How're you?"

"Great, well as best as I can be!"

"Listen is Nancy there?" he asked.

"Just a second....NANCY!" she yelled. "She's coming, just give her a sec." she responded.

"Thanks Mrs. Wheeler."

After a few minutes, Nancy grabbed the phone.

"Hello?"

"Nancy, it's me, we need to talk."

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Will came back into the room with snacks when he noticed El was sleeping on Mike's chest. It had been a rough day for her, but it had been a rough day for all of them. He wanted to get in touch with the rest of the party but thought against it.

If Mike has superpowers, he can bring Mom back right?

Will set the snacks next to Mike and El's bed.

Just then the door came flying in, hinges and all removed in one clean swipe.

Jonathan saw this. "I need to go." he ran out of the phone booth and to the Pinto, where he went into the glove box to get to where the pistol was always stored.

El woke up when the door was kicked in. The man saw her and marched over to her, grabbed her by the hair, and drug her out of the bed and towards the doorless entryway. El was screaming and flailing at the top of her lungs. Will ran over and began beating on the tall Russian man. *He looks like Danny Trejo*, Will thought as he kept beating on him.

The man turned and slapped Will with such force, that it sent him flying across the room and against the wall. Jonathan pointed the gun at him shaking and shot at the ugly man.

The man looked up just in time and slapped the bullet away ricocheting off his hand and into the window. Jonathan kept shooting, with the same result, until he was shooting blanks. The man grabbed the gun, crushing it and tossing it aside.

The man slapped Jonathan out of way and sent him flying into another car. With everyone now unconscious, El figured that now would be the time her powers came back. She stopped screaming and moved her hands toward the ugly man and...

Nothing.

She tried harder and harder until the man stopped dead in his tracks. What was weird was she wasn't stopping him.

The man tried turning around, but nothing he couldn't move.

El happened to look in the direction of the motel room and noticed Mike was standing at the doorway, holding his hand out.

"PUT. HER. DOWN!" Mike ordered eerily

"MIIIKE!" El yelled back, half glad he was awake, and half glad that he was about to kick some royal Russian ass.

Mike walked heavily towards El and the man. The man dropped El and marched towards Mike with nothing but anger in his face. El scurried away.

Mike and the man closed their distance with each other until they began running towards each other. The man drew his arm back, ready to punch and tossed it at Mike's face. Mike caught the punch dead on, stopping it dead in its tracks. The man sent a kick towards Mike's stomach, but Mike's other hand caught the leg. His eyes went bright blue as he shouted louder and louder until he lifted the man up in the air and tossed him.

The Russian went flying and crashed through the phone booth, shattering glass everywhere.

El watched in absolute awe as Mike, a skinny teen just hurled a three-hundred-pound man as if it was nothing.

The man came out of the phone booth yelling. He once again ran towards Mike, Mike this time not moving. He stood still until he began levitating in the air bringing his eyes to the same height as the Russian.

The man went to punch Mike again when Mike, caught his arm and yanked it right off of the man as if it was cotton candy. The arm went flying and landed in front of El. Mike then lifted the Russian one-handed, by the neck into the air with him. He squeezed the neck until he decapitated the man.

El went queasy, not knowing what to think. Just then she was grabbed again by another Russian, El screamed again, Mike looked at her, when a barrage of shooting broke out, machine guns, all directed towards Mike. Mike dropped the head of the Russian and held up his hand, bullets stopping mid-air and with a flick of the wrist, were sent back right where they came from.

The shooting stopped.

El still screaming caused Mike to look in her direction and notice the Russian had a handgun pointed at El's head.

"Maybe you didn't hear me," Mike whispered. Then shouted. "LEAVE. HER. ALOOOOOOOOONNNNNNE!" The Russian pulled the trigger to the gun, El completely expecting her head to be blown off. But the trigger wouldn't budge, Mike made the gun fly towards the woods and in the bushes. Mike screamed at the top of his lungs, then suddenly the Russian blew up. Literally, like popcorn, and all over El.

El had done something similar, but she wasn't strong enough to make someone blow up into a gazillion pieces.

She happened to briefly glance at the arm next to her. What she saw on the man's wrist made every bone in her body turn inside out.

It changed everything.

'004'

{A/N} OOOOOoooOOooo a test subject, crazy right? I thought so

too.

Anyways here are some reviews with answers!

"Please write another chapter" Oh don't you worry.

"I really hope Mike decides screw these government guys and goes on a solo rescue mission" As cool as that sounds, I don't want the story to center solely on Mike, it would take away from the other amazing characters in this fic, at least, in my opinion.

"This is such a cool idea and i love you you structured it like a Stranger Things episode. Great start!" Isn't it? I really think the shock value is more powerful this way too, gives everything just that much more oomph. Thank you for the lovely comment!

"Fun! Excited to see what Mike's powers are? Teleportation? Or invisibility?I can't wait for him to see El again!" Well, this episode answers your question partially for sure, keyword, partially.

"Hawkins is dying out. Will Dustin's family move as well? It's lucky Lucas, Mike, and Max's families are all getting out of town soon." Yes, he is. Chapter 1 stated that his mother was sick and need treatment from a bigger city, that place being Indianapolis.

Well anyways, I'll see yall next week!

Bye!

-Reddinator1000

3. Chapter 3: Back From The Dead

{A/N} Hey everyone, hope your week went well! I have developed a schedule for release dates, so you should expect a new chapter every Thursday or something.

Anyways, yes I know it's only episode 3, but after this, I'm going to focus more on character development than plot, so that means more fluff, more character interactions and yes, next chapter will be about Christmas of 1985.

I hope you enjoy this chapter, and don't forget to review and follow this story!

Also, I find that if you listen to the songs I put in the scenes, it adds a bit more quality of reading to the story!

Enjoy!

Chapter 3: Back From The Dead.

[Motel 6 parking lot, Hawkins. | December 20th, 10:45 pm |
Radio: *Breaking Hearts* - *Elton John*.]

El couldn't believe what had just happened, another test subject. What does that mean? Was he even Russian? How did they get him? These series of questions continued to unfold in her mind as she sat on the cold concrete, covered in blood.

She glanced up to a floating Mike, he flew over to her but got only

halfway when he collapsed, falling in a heap. Once again passed out.

"MIKE!" she called, she crawled over to him and grabbed his face, realizing he had once again, passed out.

"Mike...Mike..." she repeated tears in her eyes.

He just saved her. Blood was running out of both nostrils she didn't notice it before when he was tearing people apart.

He also killed someone with his bare hands, as well as more Russians off to the side. It's not like she hadn't killed people as well, recalling the time she threw the guards away, trying to keep them from locking her in the dark room. She also squeezed the life out of the bad men at the school.

Just then she remembered that Will and Jonathan were also knocked out, likely with broken bones. She proceeded to check on Jonathan who had been thrown against the other car like a ragdoll. She shook him, trying to get him to wake up, but nothing.

She got up and ran inside the motel room and saw will on the ground after being slapped and thrown into the wall. She shook him, but nothing once again.

Tears began flying out of her eyes when suddenly she heard a car fly up next to the Pinto. Soon after a door slammed and nancy came running inside.

"What happened?!" Nancy exclaimed.

El just looked up at her with tears in her eyes.

Nancy ran outside again to Mike who was unconscious in the parking lot. Nancy lifted him up and carried him to her car, carefully placing him in the back seat. She then went over to Jonathan.

"Jonathan! Jonathan, are you awake?"

He stirred awake, appearing slightly groggy, at least he was conscious. He grunted, remembering what happened only a few minutes ago.

"Will....!" Jonathan tried to get up, but was too sore.

"Here, let me help you." Nancy offered, helping him up to his feet. She supported him over to the passenger's side of her car.

"Will! Is he okay?" he mouthed.

"I'll go check on him."

El had been through heaven and hell both in the last nine hours. Not knowing what to do or think, she sat on the bed helplessly, crying trying to put everything together.

Mike, he has powers? How, why, when?

Nancy walked back took a look at her and checked on Will. He was breathing but had a nasty gash on his face.

"We need to get him to a hospital," she stated.

"No, they'll find us," El replied.

"What do you mean?"

"Russians. They'll find us."

Nancy pondered another possibility, maybe if they went to Murray's, he could help, but that wouldn't solve broken bones. She took a quick look at El and noticed how distraught she actually was.

"Are you okay?" she asked.

El broke down again and continued to cry. Nancy pulled her in for an embrace, gently patting her on the back.

"Shh, it's okay. Everything will be okay." Nancy comforted.

Nancy broke the hug and bent down to pick up Will, she carried him out to the car and placed him in the back seat along with Mike. Sirens sounded in the distance, and they quickly got in Nancy's car and drove away.

"Where are we going?" El asked, sitting in the back next to Mike.

"Murray Bauman. He has a house outside of Indianapolis." Nancy answered.

"Back to Indianapolis?"

"Unfortunately," Nancy confirmed. "What happened back there? There were dead bodies everywhere."

El recalled the traumatic experience. "Mike has powers."

Nancy's face turned dead cold. "P-powers? My brother has powers? Like you?"

"No." El looked at Mike. "Stronger. Much ...stronger"

Nancy turned to look in the backseat at Mike. "When?"

El shrugged and began to stare out of the window. When was this night going to end? When was Mike gonna wake up? Like not in superpower mode.

Jonathan stared out of the window, not talking whatsoever.

Just then, Mike began to stir. His eyes opened and suddenly he was in the back of his sister's car.

Why am I here? He thought when he turned to the right and saw the love of his life.

"E-El?" he mumbled.

El whipped her head at him and noticed he was awake.

"Mike!" he hugged him very tightly. "You're awake!"

"What happened?" he pondered. "I was with Owens and the guys."

"Why were you with Owens?" Nancy asked from the front.

Mike sat up straight. "Uhm, well, I uh..." he began, then looking at El. He was ashamed. "Owens offered me powers, and I uh... I took them."

"WHAT!?" everyone exclaimed except Will, who was still unconscious.

He looked at El who had a very concerned look on her face. He knew he had to say something.

"I'm sorry El, please, I shouldn't have done it. I regret doing it." he alluded.

El gave him a ginger smile. "It's okay Mike, you saved me." she informed.

Suddenly the memories from the motel came flooding in, he killed people, he killed a lot of people.

"Oh my God." he piped. "I'm a murderer." he finalized.

"No Mike, those were bad men." El reassured.

"What do you mean bad men? Russians?"

El nodded. Things started coming together for him, he remembered the joy in killing that man.

"Than man...."

"Was a test subject. Papa's.... test subject."

"Where did he come from?" he questioned.

El shrugged.

A test subject? El told him about 008 in Chicago, but never thought there was more.

"What number?" Nancy asked

"004." El admitted.

"Holy shit, that must mean...." she began

"That there are more?" Jonathan finally commented.

Nobody answered that question. If the Russians had test subjects, that would mean a world of danger for them, with possibly eight or nine of them on the loose, nowhere to be seen.

Mike was staring at El. Wow she has grown the last few months. She was so beautiful, his eyes couldn't process it. El noticed he was staring and looked back at him. He was admiring her facial features and hair. Her face started warming up.

"What?" she smirked.

"You, you're just.... Beautiful." he said finally. She reached in for a kiss. Her lips pressed against his.

"So are you."

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[Kamchatka, Russia]

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"What are they doing with Demogorgons?" Joyce questioned.

"I honestly don't know, I think they're trying to tame them and possibly use them as weapons, but I don't know" Hopper responded

Joyce considered it for a minute. Demogorgons, the only way for them to live is if there is a gate open, which means the Russians have found a way to get into the Upside Down.

"If they have one, that means that there is a portal open."

"Yep, most likely." Hopper noticed the look on her face and knew she was planning something. "We are NOT going to die trying to escape!"

"What? Would you prefer to die not trying?" she had him.

"If we leave, they'll never stop looking for us."

Joyce reached up and gave him a quick peck on the lips. "Now will you go?" she smirked.

Hopper was frozen into place, not knowing what to think. Joyce Byers had just kissed him. He knew now he couldn't convince her to stay. He sighed and decided. *If I'm going to die, I might as well put up a fight.*

"What are you thinking?" he asked.

Joyce flinched when he didn't continue to fight her on the subject. The kiss must've worked.

"Well, we wait until they come to get us, you knock out the guard and take his gun and key pass." she plotted.

"So basically, I'm doing all of the hard work?"

"Well..... Yeah?" she snarked.

"Great." he sighed. "Then what?".

"I remember the way they took to bring me up here. We can make it, no cameras."

They paused for a moment before Hopper piped up.

"Okay let's do it."

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[Indianapolis Government Compound | December 21st, 1985, 11:03 am]

Owens was at his desk, filling in a report for the events of the test subject, Mike. Unfortunately, Owens underestimated his serum, which led to the ability to warp through space. It was a stretch for sure, but if they could get him under their influence, maybe they could be on the winning side again.

Owens' office phone rang, he picked up the phone. "Dr. Owens."

A man spoke from the phone. "Sir, we believe we know where Mike Wheeler was."

Owens stopped filing the report, this piquing his interest. "Continue."

"He was in Hawkins at the Motel 6 a half an hour ago. We suspect with Joyce Byers."

And subject Eleven. He thought that meant that he teleported to her, was it intentional?

"A-and sir...." the man paused. "There are Russians, dead Russians everywhere. It's a bloodbath."

Oh no, they knew where he was and now know what he is capable of.

"Thank you." Owens hung up the phone.

What an eventful day, he now had a missing Weapon of Mass Destruction on the loose and Russians who were one step ahead of catching it.

He rubbed his five o'clock shadow. He needed to find Mike, he was the only thing the government had in its influence to defeat Russian's teleportation technology. Suddenly he had an idea, where could he have gone?

If he was to escape somewhere to hunker down, he couldn't go home, he couldn't go anywhere. Anywhere except an annoying journalist, Bauman. He decided he would give them the evening to settle in and first thing in the morning, arrive at his house.

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[Steve's house | 11:12 pm]

"Ugh.." Steve sighed as he hung up the phone. "Nancy's not

answering."

The group had been discussing and planning for the last hour and decided to call Nancy. But she was not answering at the moment.

"What do we do now?" Lucas asked.

Nobody responded.

"Well I know what I would've been doing, but instead I'm here looking after you." Steve snarked.

"You mean 'who.'" Max retorted. Steve ignored the comment.

"You should call Robin." Dustin pointed out.

Steve knew if he disturbed her and her date, she wouldn't let it go for weeks. He paused trying to think. Dustin sighed and walked over to the phone.

"Fine, I'll do it." he stated, he picked up the phone.

"No, no, no, no, NO!" Steve snatched the phone out of Dustin's hand and hung it up. "Get your slimy hands off of my phone."

"Slimy? My hands aren't slimy!" Dustin argued.

"So what? We just supposed to sit here until something happens?" Max piped up.

"Yes, that's exactly what we are supposed to do." Steve confirmed. "We are on the bench right now, understand?"

The three shook their heads and sat down.

"Why won't you call Robin? She would know what to do right away, she did decode a Russian riddle in like a day." Dustin asked.

Steve had made a deal with Robin to not talk about that discussion in the bathroom six months ago, she wasn't ready for the world to know about her. Steve understood this and agreed to keep it quiet unless they were scouting, then it was okay. But eventually, Robin would

tell everyone herself, and Steve would be right next to her supporting her as best as he could.

"Because I'm not going to literally deny her from her date. We can pick her up tomorrow." Steve finalized. The kids just shut up.

"We should head to Murray Baumans tomorrow." Dustin announced. "If anyone is able to help us it would be him."

"Yeah that's... that's actually not a bad idea."

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Nancy's car pulled up to an old abandoned looking warehouse. "We're here."

She and Jonathan had gotten out, El soon after, but when Mike tried to get out, he collapsed out of weakness.

"Mike! Are you okay?" she worried. He nodded and helped him to stand properly.

Jonathan pulled a still unconscious Will out of the back seat, as they all went over to the front entrance to the warehouse.

"It's really cold." El commented as she was supporting Mike.

Nancy pushed the button as a loud buzzing sound sounded. Next to the button was a camera. Murray said that trying to get people to look at a camera above the door was 'impossible for his patience'. Soon after the speaker by the button contained a very familiar voice.

"State your identities." Bauman said from the other end.

"Nancy Wheeler, Jonathan Byers, Will Byers, Jane Hopper, and Mike Wheeler." Nancy gestured to each of them.

The door buzzed once more as Murray opened it and took a look at the group. He had his iconic white tank top and shorts, in his mouth

was a cigarette and in the background fifties, Christmas music was playing.

[Jingle Bell Rock -Bobby Helms]

"Oh no, what have you assholes done now."

"Yeah, a lot." Mike added. He pushed right past Murray and into his house.

"Hey! No you don't get to just waltz in here like this is the base of operations." Murray stated.

"Um Murray, you might... not want to argue with him." Nancy pointed out.

"Look Santa, I have had a very long day. I have been injected with superpowers and my brain hurts sooo bad that I can't even think. So if you would please just SHUT UP and let us all in so we can figure out what the hell is going on, that would be great." Mike spoke and continued inside.

Once again everyone was silent.

El had a slight smirk on her face, she loved it when he went on his rampages.

Murray just stared at him. "...santa?" he pouted and looked at Nancy like 'Are gonna let him speak to me like that'.

Nancy shrugged and pushed through as well, soon after everyone followed. Murray double checked outside of the door to make sure nobody was watching and slammed the door behind him.

Once everyone had settled on the living room furniture, Will began to stir awake.

"Where...am...I?" he questioned.

"Will! Will!" Jonathan moved next to him on the couch. "Are you alright?"

Will tried sitting up but winced at a sharp pain in his side.

"What's the matter?"

"I-I think my rib is broken." he cringed.

"Will, let me see." Mike said. He went over to Will and placed his hand on the side of his chest.

Mike's nose started to bleed as he focused on Will's side, healing the broken bone completely. Mike stumbled backward as El caught him and sat him back down on the couch.

"Holy shit." Will exclaimed. "I-it's not hurting!"

Murray then came into the room with a tray of mugs and a teapot. He noticed Will was awake.

"Well, well, well, look who decided to join us." he snarked.

Everyone was still surprised by Mike literally healing Will. That slight use of his power drained a lot of energy out of him.

"Did you just..." Nancy started.

"Heal him...?" Jonathan finished.

"Yeah, I-I guess so." Mike responded

Murray realized what happened, "Wait a minute, he just healed him?"

Nobody answered

"Okay, okay, what happened? Start from the beginning." Murray piped.

"I need to tell you all something first." Mike took a pause, squeezing El's hand and looking at her in the eyes. "Hopper is still alive."

The silence in the room said it all, nobody saying anything.

"Alive? What do you mean alive?" El's frustration level was increasing.

"He was captured by the Russians, and taken to Russia as a prisoner." he informed.

El cuddled up next to Mike, not even shedding a tear. But in visible shock. Hop was alive! Her dad was alive, it was the best news she could've received at that moment. But he was in Russia, as captive, how would they get him out?

Mike went on to tell the group about the events that had happened that day.

Murray didn't even say a word, he got up and went to the kitchen. Mike gave him a weird look.

"Don't worry about it, he does this." Nancy stated.

Murray was gone for a while and came back with a bottle of 'Stolichnaya' vodka. He sat back down and opened the bottle and chugged it.

"Wow.." El whispered.

"Seriously? In response to all of this, your idea is to drink?" Mike berated.

"Shhh.. SHH." Murray answered. "I'm thinking."

Nancy just sent Mike a 'shh' gesture as they all waited.

After a bit, Murray popped up. "Well, I mean you can't give this to the papers because it would threaten national security, you can't give it to the US Government because the info came from them, and we can't give it to the Russians, for obvious reasons....we have no choice but to wait." he announced. "Unless.." he started again. "Mike, can you find people like El used to be able to do?"

"Maybe, I've never tried it before." he stated.

"Mike, I can help you." El offered. "Everyone please be quiet." she then directed her attention to Mike and looked him in the eyes.

"Mike, I want you to close your eyes and think of Hop, what he

looked like, his personality,"

Mike followed the order.

"Now focus on him and imagine you can reach him."

Mike tried and tried, over and over again, using El's techniques.

"I can't find him." he announced.

"Maybe try something different, try seeing Steve Harrington." Will said.

"Why Steve?" Nancy asked. Will didn't answer.

"It's worth a shot." Mike admitted. He closed his eyes again and in the astral plane, walking around until he found Steve immediately. He was talking to Dustin, Lucas and Max. "I found him, he's talking with the rest of the party."

They must've found a way home and realized they needed help. Mike thought.

"Okay, try Hop again." El said.

As the image of Steve vanished, he focused on Hopper. But once again, nothing.

"I can't find him."

Everyone went silent, trying to come up with an explanation, but nothing.

"What if because Hopper is so far away, Mike can't find him? He is in Russia right?" Will offered.

"I guess it's possible." Murray started. "Anyways, I have a couple of bedrooms, Nancy, Jonathan you can take one. Mike, El, you can take one...."

"No they won't." Nancy stated.

Both Mike and El were blushing profusely. Their hands moved away

from each other as they tensed up.

"What? They're what? Fifteen?" If I recall, you two idiots were here around their age remember? It was a very comfortable pull out.. riiight Jon?" he winked at the two. "Mike, El you can take one of the spares. Just please don't be too loud, I like sleep too." He got up, Stolichnaya in hand, and walked out of the room.

Everybody had felt attacked, all four of them silent and blushing. None of them knowing what to say. Will just looked around at the chaos before him and shook his head.

"I'll take the couch."

After a long wait, Joyce and Hopper caught up on everything, including El, the letter they found, Indianapolis, her position at The Gap. On his side, they talked about the events of his disappearance, and what had happened to Hawkins.....the biggest subject was Mike.

"MIKE IS MOVING TO INDIANAPOLIS?!" he exclaimed, realizing that the 'three-inch minimum' wouldn't be strictly followed.

"Yeah, what's the big deal?" Joyce responded.

"The big deal is, they will literally be spending an exorbitant amount of time together!"

"What is so wrong with that?" Joyce defended Mike.

Hopper shook his head and lowered his voice. "Mike will hurt her Joyce, he will HURT. MY. Daughter." he continued.

"Jim, remember when we were kids?" Joyce began, Hopper nodded. "People always hurt each other in school, whether it was emotional or physical, it was just the 'thing.'"

"Exactly, why do you think I'm...." he was interrupted.

"Buuuuuut. But. Never in my forty-years, have I EVER, ever seen a bond as tight as Mike and El."

She had a good point, Mike and El had been inseparable ever since they met, and quite frankly, without Mike's persistence, she would've been captured by Brenner. However, there was still one big issue, Hopper's pride was still at stake.

He sighed and paused.

"Tell me if you have ever seen anyone THAT close." Joyce finalized.

Hopper had lost the ...discussion and he knew it.

"Exactly, that's what I thought.... I still think you need to talk to them about boundaries, but don't remove Mike. I personally believe that keeping her away from him is more deadly and hurtful than anything else."

"Fine, fine. I'll TALLK to them." he said.

"You know what? I'll be there for you, we will do it together since we kinda are her parents now." Joyce offered.

Soon after she realized what she said.

"D-does that mean...." Hopper started.

"Mean what?" she asked.

Hopper didn't answer.

"Ohhhh. That. I don't know. Enzos is shut down now, but there are much better places in Indianapolis.... Believe me." she confirmed.

"So the date is still on the table then?" he asked gingerly.

"It isn't if you keep talking." she confirmed. Hopper just nodded.

Suddenly a loud bang came from the other side of the steel door. Hopper made a 'shh' signal and went over to the door to hide behind it. The door opened and a guard entered the cell. With full force,

Hopper whacked the back of the guy's head as he tumbled, Hopper then grabbed him and drug him to the corner of the room where he couldn't be seen and gathered his clothes, gun and identification card.

"Not bad," Joyce commented.

Hopper dressed himself in the guard's clothes and situated himself. "Reminds you of a while back doesn't it?" he reminisced.

"Yeah, when I vaporized you into thin air."

Hopper gave her a look, yes you know the look I'm talking about.

"Let's go."

They walked through the halls for a while until they came upon a staircase that spiraled down.

"Here it is." Joyce pointed.

They looked down over the edge of the railing. It was so far down, they couldn't even see the bottom.

"Shit." He muttered. "Well we don't have any other options do we."

Joyce nodded 'no'.

Hopper sighed again before they continued the trek down the stairs. They went for about ten minutes when they heard a loud 'BANG'

"I think someones coming." he said.

"Which way, up or down?" Joyce had a terrible feeling.

Hopper considered it for a moment, he realized he had a machine-gun in his hands. He lifted it up for her to see and said: "It doesn't matter does it?"

Eventually, they arrived at the bottom of the cold room, where they noticed a door.

"Through there."

Hopper pulled out the identification card and slid it into the slot next to the door. A green light appeared, letting them through. But Hopper paused.

Something wasn't right.

"This is too easy." Hopper noticed. "If they wanted to keep us in the cell, we would still be in it."

"Does it matter?" Joyce countered.

"Yes, if we do portal back to Indiana with no skin off our backs, we would be leading them directly to everyone else."

He had a point, these were Soviets, they didn't make anything easy. They had been walking for nearly half an hour and not seen a soul.

"We go to Owens." Joyce said. "They won't follow us there, well they might, but not through a US Government compound. We keep going."

Hopper nodded as they went through the door.

Soon later, they found themselves beside the room full of Demogorgons. Full, meaning six or seven just standing still in a cage.

"Holy....fuck." Hopper mouthed. His brain went through everything that happened three years ago when this whole situation first began. From El, to the Upside Down.

"I, um, what are they doing?" he asked no one.

"Literally nothing, sleeping?" Joyce responded.

"We need to go." he stated.

They continued through the room until they came across the portal that she came through in.

"Well, here goes nothing." they both walked through, suddenly back into a much warmer area.

They were back in Indiana, however still under Russian occupation.

They managed to 'conveniently' dodge through all of the guards in the room of doors.

"These are locations, set portals to different places. We just went through the 'Kamchatka' portal." he informed.

Joyce nodded. They reached another massive room, one that she passed through earlier, but didn't contain what she was looking at. There were around fifty Demogorgons who were lined up against the walls, hanging as if they were dead. Each one had thick electrical cords attached to their necks and into a machine which was pouring a green fluid into a tank.

They were using them as sources of power.

"What. The. Fuck?" Joyce mouthed as she stared in shock.

"Joyce we need to go, before they change their minds." Hopper grabbed her arm and snapped her back into reality.

"Hop, they're drawing power from them."

"That's not our concern right now, we need to GO." he repeated. She followed.

They eventually came through a door into a chinese restaurant.

Wait. Joyce recognized the restaurant.

"Um, Jim....." she mentioned.

She ran through the kitchen, him following behind.

They ran out of the kitchen and through the side entrance and into the mall. Joyce realized that it was the mall in downtown Indianapolis where she worked. She continued out in the main hall when she noticed The Gap, yes, the one she was now managing. It was dark and everything was closed, so they needed to get into a safe place.

"Is that....?"

"Where I work?"

"What?"

"Holy shit." they each exchanged.

"We can go in there to hide and use the phone, maybe grab some cash." she announced.

"You know, I'm no longer chief and all, but I'm pretty sure that's illegal." he commented.

"There's a shower there too, I never told you how bad you smelled." she answered, yet completely ignored what he said.

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"So...um." Mike and El were in the spare room staring at each other, not knowing what to do. Awkward silence overtook the small room.

"I'll sleep on the floor." Mike announced.

El felt bad about it, but she wasn't going to say anything, it was a temporary solution to that awkwardness.

Mike grabbed a pillow on the bed and a spare blanket and set up camp on the floor. El climbed into the double bed and laid there, unsure of how to deal with the situation. Eventually, she felt wrong about him sleeping on the floor.

"M-Mike." she called.

"Yeah?"

"Do you, um, do you want to cuddle?" she offered

"Are you okay with it?"

"Yeah.

Mike got up out of his makeshift bed and climbed in the bed next to her. He snuggled up to her and pulled her close. They were staring into each other's eyes. El looked at his lips and couldn't help herself, she kissed them. They were so soft it made her want to melt. She pushed him on his back and climbed on top, lips still attached. Mike was shocked, yes he had kissed her many times before, but this felt... different, it felt primal, like a hunger awoke inside of them. She pulled his shirt up, pausing the kiss briefly in order to pull it over his head.

Mike couldn't believe what was happening, she was controlling this entire thing, as if she had been planning it somehow.

She kissed his neck and chest, trailing down towards his area when Mike felt wrong about it.

"El." he tried getting her attention, but she wasn't listening.

"El, this doesn't feel right." he stated.

"What do you mean?" she stopped.

"I-I don't know, but I feel if we continue right now, I-I won't be able to stop, and I just got powers too, I might hurt you and If I hurt you I would never forgive myself and I just can't continue if its a possibility."

She was slightly disappointed but understood. "Maybe snuggling and kissing for now?"

He nodded. She went back up to his face and continued their kissing fest. She broke for a minute.

"I love you, Mike." she rested herself on top of him. "Thank you for stopping me, I wouldn't have stopped either."

She could hear his heartbeat in his chest and didn't stop loving it. He was her Paladin.

"I love you too El, you are the most important thing to me in the world." He responded.

After a few minutes, El just fell asleep on top of him, she had a long day as well.

El was sound asleep, when suddenly she reached for his hand and squeezed.

"I love youu." she mumbled in her sleep. It made Mike smile. God she was precious, she was the best thing that could've ever happened to him, and he knew it.

He couldn't fall asleep, he tried focusing on Hopper again, maybe he could find him without everyone watching. Suddenly, he was again in the astral plane. He walked through the water-floor as he focused on Hopper harder. Suddenly he appeared. He was in a store with clothes and Hopper was picking out an outfit, with Joyce?

He opened his eyes and shook El.

"El, El, El, I found him!" he exclaimed. "He's in a mall with Joyce!"

El stirred awake, when what he said registered.

"He's alive?!"

Mike nodded. "And for some reason very close to here! He's also with Joyce!"

El gave him a very big kiss. "We need to tell everyone!"

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Joyce and Hopper were fishing out clothes for him to wear when they suddenly heard a 'crashing' sound come from the mall. Joyce jumped as she ran to the gated entrance to her store. She saw around fifty Soviet troops coming out of the restaurant and towards them along with golf carts. They pointed at the store when they began firing rounds towards them.

"Holy shit!" Hop yelled as they jumped out of the way and towards

the till. They climbed under it, bullets flying everywhere.

"You did call them right?" Hop asked her in panic.

"Yes I did, but you know the government!"

The rounds kept coming when suddenly they stopped.

Silence.

"RUKI VVERKH!" they heard from outside.

"That means 'hands up'." Hopper whispered

"When did you learn to speak Russian?" Joyce retorted.

"Um, when I was in Russia?" he retorted back.

"RUKI VVERKH!" the man yelled again before shooting began once more. But not towards them.

"Someone is out there, they're not shooting at us." Hopper realized. He poked his head above the counter slightly to look out in the hall. He saw a portal in the middle of the hallway.

"There's a portal!" he told her.

"A portal?"

He motioned for her to look above the counter, to where the portal was hanging around. She got up just in time to see Mike, El, Jonathan, Nancy, Will, and Murray all standing ready to fight.

Panic settled in Joyce's heart when she saw all three of her kids were being shot at, but realized nothing actually hit them.

[Eye of the tiger - Survivor]

Mike appeared at the front of the group as the Russian comrades were shooting at him. He created a forcefield around the group as the countless bullets reflected off of the forcefield and onto the ground. Mike stood still, making no effort at all to create the shield.

"Are you gonna kill these assholes?!" Nancy exclaimed.

"DnD logic, don't attack your enemy until they are weakened. It's like one of the best strategies in the book!" Will pointed out. Mike smirked at him.

The Russians kept shooting at them, when suddenly they started running out of ammunition. The shooting stopped.

Mike lifted his arms, taking all of the bullets had the forcefield had absorbed, and shot them back in the direction of the Russians, killing nearly all of them.

Joyce and Hopper looked in awe as it wasn't El, who had been doing this, but Mike! They glanced at each other and smiled.

Just then, their biggest nightmare appeared out of the restaurant. Demogorgons.... Plural. Three full-sized Demogorgons slowly walked towards Mike and the group and released the most ungodly screeches. They charged them. Mike threw up his hand and made them stop. He ripped them apart, one by one until they were all dead.

Will reached behind his neck and went into a vision.

It was the Upside Down, but it wasn't anywhere near them, it was cold, and snowy, and day-time. He looked up at a storm brewing in the distance. Every bone in Will's body turned inside out when he saw a full-formed Mind Flayer stand up and look towards him. It was him. ALL of him. The Mind Flayer screeched.

He knew where they were.

"GUYS, THE MIND FLAYER, HE KNOWS WE ARE HERE!" Will yelled and looked at El, realizing it wanted her.

Suddenly, one singular figure appeared from the restaurant. He had grey hair, a suit and tie, and glasses. He walked out in the moonlight where everyone could see.

He looked at El and smiled. El's blood began boiling.

"Papa."

"Didn't think I was really dead, did you, Eleven?" Brenner asked condescendingly.

El screamed very loudly, throwing both of her arms up and kinetically picking him and throwing him across the room. But Brenner landed on both of his feet. El marched towards him, blood running out of her nose and screaming trying to tear him apart.

It was working, her powers were back!

Mike and everyone watched in awe as she threw him around, but everywhere she threw him he landed on his feet.

"That isn't how you treat your '*Papa*', Eleven." he condescended.

He stopped and with a snap of his fingers, El went flying into a nearby wall. Bones broken and unconscious.

"NOOOOOOO!" Hopper yelled and he climbed over the register and ran toward El, picking her up and holding her in her hands.

Mike's levels of anger went through the roof. "YOU FUCKING BASTARD!" he yelled and tossed a beam of blue light towards Brenner, hitting him and causing Brenner to wince.

"YOU HURT ELL!" Mike yelled again, teleporting behind Brenner and threw his arms around Brenner's neck into a choke-hold. Strangling him. Brenner didn't even flinch. He spun around and grabbed Mike's shoulder tossing him into the air towards the roof.

Mike stopped mid-air as his entire body started glowing a fluorescent blue, his eyes turning blue, and blood running out of his nose. He turned to face Brenner and focused intently on Brenner, trying to explode him, but to no avail.

He wouldn't die. Mike yelled at the top of his lungs and shot another laserbeam at Brenner, not the size it was before, but much larger.

Joyce realized it looked like the same beam that the Russians used to open the gate under Starcourt mall, what was Mike doing?

Hopper looked at Mike, realizing he was doing this for El. Because El was hurt.

Murray was in shock, he was shocked when he healed Will's broken rib, but this? This needed to be a book. He considered becoming an author instead of a reporter.

Will was in full amazed mode, wondering how Mike had all of that energy but realized most of it had to have been anger.

Jonathan couldn't help but wonder how Brenner was alive, he must've been working with the Russians.

Nancy was looking at her brother. Her brother was a superhero. A literal superhero. She was proud, yet frightened at the same time.

The power that was coming out of Mike, was exploding signs, lights, machinery all over, causing sparks to fly in every direction. Mike's nose was bleeding like nothing else. Brenner was screaming this time. It actually hurt. He was hurting him.

Just then, a gate to the Upside Down opened from the power that Mike was creating, vines were protruding out of it, and pulled Brenner right through. The gate closed. Brenner, gone.

Mike lowered himself next to El and Hopper.

"El! El!" he called, kneeling by her. She was unconscious and dying, coughing up blood and wheezing from pain. He lowered his hands on her stomach, he focused every ounce of energy he had left into making her better.

"What are you doing?" Hopper questioned.

"I'm healing her."

El started coughing, blood escaping her lungs and he continued to heal her. Blood was running out of his nose, having almost no energy left, he used every bit of it on healing her. Bones were cracking back into place and she was waking up. He eventually removed his hands and fell back, unconscious.

El sat up and noticed Hopper watching her. "Hop?" tears flew out of her eyes as she hugged him tightly.

"It's me kid. It's me..."

"I thought you were dead." she mumbled between sobs.

"I thought I'd never see you again..." he answered.

"Mom?" Jonathan noticed Joyce come out of The Gap.

"MOM!" Will ran up to her and hugged her.

"Where did you go?" Jonathan hugged them both

"It's a long story."

"Mike!" El saw him on the ground and grabbed his face her hands. Blood from his nose was everywhere.

"He saved you El, he sent Brenner into the Upside Down, there's no way he can survive that." Hopper informed.

El had her powers back, but very limited. Brenner also had powers, and ones that were not too shabby either. Anger went through her veins wishing she would've killed him herself.

Sirens sounded in the distance and helicopters flew above the mall, American troops entering, seeing the dead Russian bodies on the ground. Soon after, Owens appeared through the middle of the crowd and noticed everyone was there.

"Well it seems you did most of the work for us!" he announced. He walked over to El, Hopper, and an unconscious Mike. "Or rather he did."

Everyone just stared at him, unsure of what to say.

"The men will take care of the cleanup...." he began.

"Brenner's alive." Hopper interrupted.

Confusion appeared on Owens' face. "Excuse me?". Maybe he didn't

hear properly.

"Brenner caused all of this, all of it. He must have been working with the Russians." Hopper added.

Owens went silent, now it was him to be unsure of what to say. He ran his hands through his hair.

"Let's go, we need to get everyone to safety." he answered.

Hopper lifted Mike into his arms as the group gathered around and followed Owens to a car in the middle of the barrage of military vehicles. They got in as the car started moving.

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[Indianapolis Government Compound | December 21st, 1985, 5:15 am]

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Hopper lowered Mike in the testing bed inside of the Indianapolis Government Compound. Nurses attached heart rate gear, IV's, they took blood work. Mike was being barraged with a ridiculous amount of medical equipment.

El sat outside of the room, looking through the window. Tonight had been insane, she hadn't gotten any sleep whatsoever. She had almost been kidnapped by Russians, found out her boyfriend had unbelievable powers, Hopper was still alive, Papa was still alive, she'd been thrown into a concrete wall and almost died. She just needed a break from this nightmare.

Yet she couldn't sleep.

She didn't know whether or not it was the events that had recently taken place or just the fact that Mike was unconscious in a hospital bed getting tested on like a lab rat.

Hopper approached her.

"Hey kid."

She hugged him before he sat down on the bench.

"Hi." she halfheartedly responded.

"How are you doin?" he pulled her in for a side hug.

"I.....I don't know...."

"Listen, Brenner is gone, he won't last long on the other side, and the suits have already gotten through and infiltrated the base," he informed

She admitted, it was somewhat good news, but she still had a rotten feeling.

"I guess..." she then realized, again, that Hopper was alive. "I missed you.. so much Hop."

"I know kid, me too. Me too."

Joyce, Will, Jonathan, Nancy and Murray were in Owen's office. Discussing what had happened the past day. Will had been silent ever since he had a vision of the Mind Flayer.

"Apparently the Demogorgons the Soviets had in captivity were powering their teleportation technology, but we only managed to infiltrate the Kamchatka base they held you and Hopper in, before they shut off the portals." Owens continued. "The fight is far from over, but for once we have the upper hand."

"By using my brother as a weapon?" Nancy snarked.

"Your brother agreed to it willingly, Ms. Wheeler." Owens pointed out.

"Not knowing how much shit this hole actually has." Nancy argued.

"Unfortunately, Mike is now under Pentagon influence, I cannot stop

it."

"No.... You refuse to stop it, you trapped him in this, and now you don't even have the balls to stand up for him!" Nancy raised her voice.

"Nancy..." Jonathan tried to calm her down.

"No. NO! MY BROTHER IS NOT A LAB RAT!" Nancy yelled.

"Nancy... please not now...." Jonathan tried pulling her in for an embrace, but she flinched away and stormed out of Owen's office.

Joyce stared at the desk, processing the confrontation, but agreed with Nancy, Mike was not a lab rat, and that is exactly what was going to happen.

"She's right." Joyce piped up. All eyes focused on her. "Owens, you would be wise to let Mike go."

"Why is that?" he condescended.

"Because I have very reliable contacts in the papers all over the rustbelt." Murray supported. "Remember what happened last time you assholes were testing on children? I'm sure another.... chemical spill would go over very well with the Indianapolis Star or the Chicago Herald."

Joyce smirked at Murray taking the reins from her.

"Also, the disappearance of Mike Wheeler? Oh boy. You guys would be shut down for good." Murray continued.

Hopper was rubbing El's head as she was falling asleep. Nancy stormed out of Owens office and plopped down next to them.

"That bad, huh?" Hopper said. Nancy crossed her arms.

"They want to claim Mike as property of the Pentagon, or something like that." Nancy spewed.

"Don't worry, Joyce and Bauman are in there. They'll come up with

something." Hopper figured.

Nancy looked at a now sleeping El. "How is she?"

"Not good, not good. She's been through a lot." Hopper continued to comfort El.

Suddenly, El woke up hyperventilating. She realized where she was, jumped up out of Hopper's embrace and speed walked over to Owens' office.

"El, EL! Where are you going?" Hopper questioned.

El opened the door to the office, obviously intervening on a heated conversation. She looked at Owens.

"Give me what you gave him." She ordered.

"What?! NO!" Joyce put her foot down.

Hopper appeared right behind El, he glanced at her and asked. "What's going on?"

"El wants the serum," Owens mentioned.

"What? No, what are you thinking?"

El looked unafraid. "Papa isn't dead. He's in the upside down, but he's not dead. He has powers that beat mine and put Mike in that bed." she pointed outside of the door towards the glass room. "Maybe if we combine our powers somehow, we can beat him."

"Just to clarify, Papa is..." Murray began.

"Brenner, yes." Joyce finished. Murray nodded.

"Are you sure about this kid?" Hopper asked El.

El nodded as they all looked back at Owens.

"We have one more vial, but that is all the Pentagon is going to fund without results. Also, we don't know how the new serum is going to react with the serum already in her veins." Owens cautioned.

"I don't care." El stated. "Do it anyways."

Owens pondered it for a second. "I don't think it would be a good idea until we do some tests...."

"DO IT!" El exclaimed, it shocked everyone one the room, she was intent on getting more power. She wanted to be the hero again, she wanted to be at ground level with Mike.

Owens sighed. Suddenly Mike appeared at the doorway.

"Sir, SIR!" nurses reached the doorway as well. "We tried to stop him."

"Listen to her, Owens. She's right, Brenner will be back. He wasn't expecting me there, it's obvious next time he'll be more prepared." Mike pointed out.

"How're you standing?" Hopper looked down at Mike.

"Simple, superpowers!" Mike smirked.

"Um.. G-guys, I need to tell you something." Will piped up.

"What is it honey?" Joyce responded. She put her hand on his.

"I had a vision at the mall. One like before....." he began. Everyone was focused on him. "The Mind Flayer knows where we are, those Demogorgons saw us, and so did... so did he."

"I thought we killed him when Mom shut the gate!" Jonathan reacted.

"Apparently not, he's angrier than ever." Will added.

"Well he is in the Upside Down, he can't hurt us right?" Mike piped.

Will shrugged. Everyone went silent.

"Well, Jane, are you ready? It appears we have a free test room available!" Owens joked. Mike was no longer using it "I do need to inform you all of something first.... Mike, about your powers, you had multiple different powers at first correct? Well, unfortunately, unless you're under a lot of stress, you won't be able to use all of

them. Chances are, your powers will settle."

"What about the beam? You know, the one he banished Brenner to the Upside Down?" Hopper responded.

"Well, quite frankly, the fact that he did that is beyond me, but I'm talking about everyday use."

Mike just nodded in understanding, it made sense.

"El, your powers are already set in stone. Chances are you're going to experience extreme development in those areas, obviously. However, it's likely you'll acquire some more as well, what those are, I cannot say. I just need you to be careful when you reach for something telekinetically, you might teleport it away unintentionally." Owens warned. "Therefore, I understand I cannot keep you here as 'lab rats'," he glanced at Murray. "I do need you guys to come here occasionally to..... 'Train?' Now, Mike we cannot inform your parents about this, so try not to use your powers around them if you can."

The group looked around at each other nodding their heads.

"About the issue with Brenner, Russians, and Mind Flayer, for now, we have the tools to keep it stagnant, so just continue your lives for now and pretend the last eighteen hours didn't happen. Sound good? Good. Now let's get to work!

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[Downtown Indianapolis, Upside Down]

A couple of hours ago, Brenner had just been sent through the gate. He had been walking around in a wasteland for hours. Vines, dust taking up all of the buildings and sidewalks. Storms and lightning in the distance.

Brenner looked up and saw flashing of red in the sky, it almost replaced the gloomy darkness of the environment. A stormy figure appeared almost directly above him. He stood in the middle of the

street, staring up when the figure was no longer stormy, but physical. It bent its very large head down to the old man and dissipated into dust. The dust gathered into a collection in front of Brenner and shot towards his face, intruding every orifice in his face, making the man scream in excruciating pain.

The dust kept being sucked into his nose, ears, eyes, mouth for minutes. Until it stopped.

Brenner fell on the ground, unconscious, absorbing the Mind Flayer into his body. The scene pans to his face when his eyes open pure black. He got up from the ground and walked away.

{A/N} Well that was a ride of a chapter 3! I hope you enjoyed it!

I wanted to let you all know that I am looking for an editor or a consultant to help me with this fic, It would help a lot, so if you're interested, please hit me up and we can discuss what I'm looking for in detail.

Also, to be frank, I am not going to do any smut in this story. Fluff, swearing, and gore are going to be plentiful though.

Anyways, to answer your questions and comments:

"I very much enjoyed the descriptions of Mike gaining his powers and his trip through memory lane. And El trying to wake up from his coma. Very sweet.

Never change Hopper. Still concerned about Mike and El and keeping that door open 3 inches." It was actually a last-minute idea of mine to do that, but I found it very effective for sure. I've decided to make Hopper a little bit more understanding of Mike and El's

relationship, but still with some irritability over the matter.

"I wonder if Mike's powers will change his personality at all?" Not really, I don't want to go off of the path too much. Minor personality changes, but all and all, still Mike.

"Wat kind of powers did he gain exactly?" Well, you can see from this chapter that he has telekinesis, teleportation, super strength, and healing, but most of which come out during rage or stress.

This chapter answers most other questions.

Again, if you want to become involved in the progression of the story, PM me with some ideas and I'll see what we can do from there. I kinda have a jyst of what I want the main plot to be like, but the little things are what is most important.

Also, I love fanart, and I am looking for a different cover photo, if you find one or make one that is cool, I'll use it!

Anyways, see yall next week!

-Reddinator1000

4. Chapter 4: Snow Ball of '85

{A/N} Hey everyone! Here is the long-awaited Chapter 4 of this series. This chapter is a pivotal moment for Mike and El's relationship, and there is fluff here.

I've changed how I've wanted to story to progress like ten times this week, making it a very hard chapter to write, but I managed to pump it out.

I really hope you enjoy this chapter, as it is definitely the most personal chapter I've written.

Also please, please, please review. Your opinions and feedback is what inspires me to write, so the fewer the reviews, the longer between each chapter.

Anyways, have fun!

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Chapter 4: Snow Ball of '85

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[Indianapolis Government Compound | December 21st, 1985, 5:52 am]

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El was crawling into the hospital bed in the quarantine room. She was intent on getting powers like Mike, she wanted to be a hero again. Not that Mike shouldn't be one, but she hated being in the position of being saved rather than the other way around. She also

thought it would be kinda cool for her and the love of her life to hold destructive powers. Romantic, right?

She held her arms out for the nurses to strap them into the bed. Owens came into the room with a briefcase and set in on the stainless steel table to the left of her. He punched a code into the briefcase and opened it, pulling out a vial of blue liquid. El watched as he did this, nerves starting to get to her and panic starting to settle in. She needed comfort right now and quite frankly, Owens wasn't a very comforting person.

"I want Mike," she announced. Owens broke his attention from the vial and looked at her, considering the option. He then whispered in the nurse's ear as she set the tray down on the table and proceeded to walk out, closing the door behind her.

"This serum may kill you, Jane, I need to know that you understand that." Owens grabbed a syringe gun from the table and stuck the vial into the gun, using the palm of his hand to lock it in.

"I understand." El nodded.

The door opened with Mike coming into the room and running over to her, the nurse right behind him going back to continue her work.

"El!" Mike exclaimed. He grabbed her hand as he sat down next to the bed.

"Mike," she responded. They looked into each other's eyes as both of their stomachs turned to mush.

The nurse rubbed the inside of El's elbow with an alcohol wipe as Owens got ready to give her the serum.

"Alright Jane, are you ready?" El nodded, squeezing Mike's hand tighter as she closed her eyes.

She remembered when Papa was giving her the first serum; it was five years ago when she was trapped in that god awful facility. She remembered the fright that came about her and how much she didn't want to get into that bed. She was tested on, beat on, caged, and then she met Mike, Mike taught her everything she knows now. He saved

her from the bad men. Now she was willingly in the same position as she was all that time ago, wanting to get powers.

Owens pushed the gun to her arm and counted.

"Three."

She squeezed Mike's hand even more. "It'll be okay El." he comforted.

"Two."

She opened her eyes as looked at Mike. She could see the fear in his eyes, but he was trying to look as calm as he could. He was giving her that goofy smile he had, just looking at it wanted her to smile too.

Without finishing his count to one, Owens pulled the trigger to the gun, dispensing the serum into El's arm. El winced for a second as she wasn't feeling anything right away.

"I-I Don't feel anything.." she commented.

"You won't right away, it will take a bit." Mike informed. "But I'll be right here."

"Um, Mike, I don't think it's safe for you to be...." Owens mentioned.

"I'm staying put." Mike confirmed.

"Okay...well, we will be right outside." Owens walked out of the room with the nurse right behind him.

Silence briefly overtook the room and Mike and El just looked at each other in the eyes. Mike reached down and kissed her. He cupped her face in his hand and continued kissing until he gently broke it and rested his forehead on hers.

"You have no idea how much I love you El." he said sweetly.

"I love you just as much, Mike." she said back.

"How long will we have to wait?" Hopper asked as Owens left the room.

"Well, it's hard to say, when Mike went through it, it took only fifteen minutes, but with the mixing of serums, it could be any minute.

Joyce was cuddled up to Hopper on the bench as everyone else was sitting on the floor, well, except Murray. Will was sleeping next to them using spare sheets the nurses had on hand.

"Do you have any vodka?" Murray asked. "I could use a shot of Stolichnaya right now."

"I got something better, scotch whiskey!" Owens replied.

"Yuck, Scottish piss." Murray gagged.

"I wouldn't mind a scotch right now." Joyce piped. She sat up and leaned back.

"Alright, I'll be right back with some glasses." Owens disappeared down the hall.

Everyone was silent for a moment until Nancy spoke.

"You know tonight is the Snow Ball." she mentioned to no one.

"That's right!... But I think I'm too tired to go, I need sleep." Jonathan responded.

"Yeah... you're right, but if we can get home, we can sleep for a bit and then go." Nancy was unusually excited about this. "I get to see you like, only a few times a year, I want to dance with you." Nancy stated. She was holding his hand and looking at him with puppy eyes.

Jonathan looked at Hopper and Joyce, who nodded as if to say 'go', he then looked at Murray who's wheels were turning.

"Jonathan, my young friend. If you want to get laid, then go to the damn dance."

Joyce and Hopper started laughing at the comment, Nancy and

Jonathan were blushing, both embarrassed and exposed. Damn Murray, always taking it too far.

Owens reappeared with a handful of glasses and a half-empty bottle of Lagavulin. He continued to pour everyone a shot, handing them off. After, Owens sat on the floor and held up his glass.

"Skol." He drank.

"Skol." Everyone else followed.

Suddenly, El began to feel the serum activating almost everything in her body, all of her bones, muscles, nerves were hurting. Pain, taking over her entire body. She started screaming and squirming. Squeezing Mike's hand so tight that Mike thought she would break it.

"AaaaaaAhhhhHhhhhHH!" she screamed and suddenly the lights were flickering, and then shattering.

Mike's heart fell at the sight of her in so much pain, he wanted it to stop, he would take all of her pain if it meant she wouldn't feel it. He focused on trying to alleviate it, taking her pain. He focused, but it wasn't helping her whatsoever. She began levitating in the air and lifting Mike with her.

She stopped screaming and opened her eyes, but they were rolled back. Suddenly Mike felt a pain in his body that was excruciating, he began screaming along with her as her arms ripped through the straps which were meant to hold her down. She started levitating in the air above the bed, bringing him with her both in agony. Mike felt the same feeling not long ago when his powers kicked in, like every nerve in his body was being torn apart one by one.

"What's going on!?" Joyce exclaimed as she witnessed the scene through the window.

"Get them out of there!" Hopper yelled at Owens who just stood there watching.

"It's her body accepting... or denying the serum." he stated.

"Then why is my brother screaming too?" Nancy questioned, placed her hand on the window.

"Honestly, I don't know the answer to that, Ms. Wheeler."

Hopper decided to stop it, he marched over to the door to the room as the guards were in his way.

"Let. Me. In." Hopper ordered.

"Can't do that sir." one of them responded.

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Mike and El were still floating in the air screaming like they were being tortured. when suddenly everything went black. The pain was gone and Mike just felt limp. He opened his eyes and he was in the astral plane. He looked around confused and got up, water appearing beneath his feet. He walked around for a bit before he heard his name.

"Mike?" It wasn't just any voice, it was El, as real as he was. She ran over to him and hugged him tightly.

"E-El?" He hugged back.

"It- it hurt..... So much.." she sobbed.

"I know, I know..." he comforted her.

She broke the hug. "Why are we here?" she looked around expecting something to pop out at them.

"I had hold of your hand when you were in pain. I don't know why I'm here though." he responded.

She grabbed his hand when suddenly they both were sent into a memory, it was like they were flying through the memory.

It was El's, back at the Hawkins Lab when she was held captive. She was

in a hospital bed, much like the bed in the compound. She was surrounded by people in hazmat suits including Brenner who was sitting at the foot of her bed

"Look at me. Not them." He ordered her, a command she followed. A nurse stuck a needle in her arm shooting a blue liquid in her arm.

She looked at Mike. "This is how I got my powers." Mike looked back.

She immediately began feeling the old serum activate as her body seized up. She passed out.

Suddenly the scene switched to her in the interrogation room with the cerebral crown on her head, while she was trying to crush the pop can in front of her, when it caved.

The memories showed them her entire life in the compound and eventually when she met Mike. Mike was reliving her steps as if he could feel her, feel everything she went through, everything she experienced, the pain, the joy, the anger.

The scene transferred to when she met Mike in the rain, and all the way until the present. He felt exactly how she felt through the whole thing, the happiness she felt when he treated her like gold from the moment they met, her pain when she was forced to stay away from him for nearly a year, and the shame she felt when he lied to her about him seeing her.

He felt her and he couldn't believe it, he knew everything about her. Everything. It was like a part of her became him.

El watched Mike's reaction to the scene in front of them, she could see herself slowly transform in his expressions. She knew after this point he would either want to stay as far away from her as he could, or be with her until the end.

The memory stopped. Shock visible on his face.

"Well.....that's me." she looked down, slightly embarrassed but slightly relieved he now understood completely who and what she was.

Mike plopped into a sitting position on the water-filled floor. El sat down with him. Tears were coming out of his eyes.

"I-I never realized..." he managed to mouth.

"It's okay Mike, I don't blame you for anything." she comforted.

He broke out into full sobbing. It's like he relived another life, along with his own. The amount of pain she went through was unbearable for him, he couldn't take it. El hugged him trying to console him.

"A-and the way I've treated you... I-I'm so sorry El..."

"You've treated me better than anyone has ever treated me, Mike. I love you, and I love you more now that you know everything."

Mike didn't respond, he just looked into her eyes with shame.

"Please tell me you love me"

He didn't answer.

"Mike... Do you still love me?"

Mike still said nothing. Suddenly his eyes turned solid when he reached out and grabbed her forearm, taking her into his memories.

He guided her through every single one of his memories from his first words, to just a few minutes ago, everything. She felt everything on his part as well, the most shocking was how he felt about her. He loved her ever since they first kissed three years ago. They were twelve, but he knew how he felt. She experienced the bullying he received in school, the DnD games with the guys, the family time, the holidays. Everything. She felt bad when the memory of Hopper banning him from spending time with El being the reason he lied. She knew Hopper stopped it, but she didn't realize the fear Mike experienced when it happened, and she had treated him like shit about it too.

His life was a lot happier. He had family, love, and practically anything he wanted. El felt bad that she was jealous. But one thing was clear.

They had been through everything together. Everything.

This fact was enough for them. The memories stopped and they just looked at each other on the wet floor, words not being exchanged. They sat there for what felt like hours until they both at once reached for a passionate kiss. They were kissing as they had never kissed before, their tongues fighting for dominance, they reached for each other's buttons and begun to pull their clothes off, first Mike's shirt, then her shirt, revealing her bra. Mike looked, but didn't even care. He climbed on top of her as they rolled around in the water.

Their kissing didn't break at all and they just kept peeling clothes off until they were both naked. Mike finally broke the kiss, looked in her doe eyes and spoke

"You are beautiful. Nothing in this world could ever change my opinion of that. Ever." he admitted.

She smiled and continued their kiss. They were one, emotionally and physically one. They had been through heaven and hell together, and nothing could ever take that away from them.

El broke the kiss once again. "Mike, I love you too. You pulled me from my terrible childhood and protected me. You know I love you. You gave me your childhood. You gave me everything."

The two continued their kissing. After a while, they just laid next to each other taking in their full figures. It wasn't even out of lust, just out of pure love.

They both woke up, and they were once again in the quarantine room, she was on the bed and he was in the chair next to the bed.

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Hopper was pacing in the hallway when the lights stopped flickering. He noticed this and went over to the window and saw that they were both awake.

"They're awake!" He ran over to the door and attempted to get through but the guards still refuse him access.

Owens motioned for them to open the door as they nodded. Hopper ran inside and went to El's bed and immediately grabbed her hand.

"Are you okay?!" he frenzied.

El nodded with a great big smile on her face. Mike as well had a smile on his face, and they both started laughing hysterically.

"What is wrong? What is wrong?" Hopper was visibly confused.

Everyone soon after came into the room, Joyce joined Hopper's side when Murray piped up.

El and Mike were staring into each other's eyes with giant smiles on their faces.

"So do you have powers or what?" Will piped.

El mentally reached at Will, but nothing worked. She tried harder, but still, nothing was working. She looked at Mike and then at Owens.

"It's not working." she announced.

Owens began writing in a notepad. Mike was unsure of what to do, reached his hand out to Owens' notepad as it began levitating.

"Hey, HEY. Put that down!" Owens ordered, Mike followed.

His powers worked, but hers didn't.

El felt slightly ashamed about it, her powers were once again gone. Maybe if she tried to go back to the void.

"Mike, let's go back." she said, she held out her hand for him which he accepted in his own.

Mike focused on the plane, and suddenly was there, with El. Darkness once again surrounding them.

"This doesn't make sense, I'm here, but my powers won't work." all she wanted was for her own powers to work, but it seemed as if every

time she wanted them, they would disappear. It was getting annoying. Mike understanding what she was going through hugged her and tried to console her.

"It's okay El. Maybe you're just drained." Mike attempted.

"Don't give me that, your powers are working just fine, if my powers were actually here I could feel them. I can't feel them." she was getting more and more frustrated.

They returned to reality.

"What just happened?" Hopper questioned.

"We were in the void." Mike told the group.

"Both of you?" Joyce sat on the foot of the bed.

Both Mike and El were visibly down over the ordeal. They nodded sheepishly.

"So that means your powers are still there, right?" Jonathan asked.

"Not necessarily." Owens piped up. "It could mean that my serum countered Brenner's, canceling each other out. Which means that her powers are stagnant, or much worse, gone."

El curled up in the bed. Mike reached for her hand again, but she didn't take it.

"What it could mean.." Owens continued. "Is that the reason she was in the void, was because of him." he pointed at Mike.

Mike's heart dropped in his chest. He was thinking about it, when he was holding her hand, did he absorb her powers somehow? If he'd done that and El knew about it, she would hate him. Does it mean he had more powers now?

"Mike, try bringing me to the void." Nancy offered, she reached her hand out.

Mike glanced at El who wasn't even paying attention, then grabbed

his sister's hand. He focused on trying to bring her to the astral plane and suddenly was there.....

With Nancy.

Nancy was in shock, she was just in the room before, now in an endless dark pit.

"O-oh my god." she freaked.

Mike brought them back to the room. Nancy couldn't believe she was there. It was so eery, and creepy, like something would have jumped out at them at any moment.

"Were you there?" Joyce asked.

"Yeah."

El was boiling, she just went through a terrible amount of pain only for it to disappear. Mike was holding her hand right? Maybe....

"You took my powers." she pointed at Mike.

"What?" everyone said in unison.

"Oh, I didn't think of that..." Owens pondered.

"I want everyone to leave... NOW!" El ordered.

"El, are you sure....." Joyce began

"GO!"

Everyone flooded out, Mike not leaving the chair. She wasn't looking at him but was still angry, Mike felt the same feeling he felt right before she dumped him six months ago.

"El, I..." he started.

"You took my powers! I was in the middle of accepting them. That's why I can't use them!" she was scolding him.

"El, I would never do that...." he tried.

"But you did."

They both went silent, just sitting there, not knowing what to say. When Mike was trying to alleviate her pain, maybe the only thing that could've done that was him taking the powers with her pain.

"I'm.....sorry." He bowed his head. "I guess when you were screaming, I couldn't handle hearing you like that. I tried to heal you, but maybe I took them in the process," he admitted.

"That's your problem." El blamed. "You can't let me go through ANYTHING by myself! You can't live without seeing all of my memories, you can't let me go out in public, you can't even let me get my powers without trying to take them!" she was referring to the moment when she and Max were out shopping.

Mike sat in the chair realizing what she was saying. She was right. He wouldn't leave her alone. He was obsessed with her.

"Just go." she said quietly.

Mike got up and left. She was being unfair, she wanted him in the room with her, to console her while she was going through the pain. When he was doing so, she was in so much pain that he needed to do something.

But I guess too much.

He closed the door behind him, and walked down the hall. Eventually coming across a bench away from everyone else and sat down. He pulled his hands to his face and broke down.

What have I done?

He took El's powers. Did that mean he had more powers on top of what he already had? He didn't know and didn't care.

Jonathan approached him and sat down next to him.

"She's blaming you isn't she."

Mike just nodded.

"Women are weird Mike, they want you to do something, and when you do it, and something goes wrong they blame you." he patted Mike on the back. "She'll come around, you just have to let her do so on her own."

"I took her powers, Jonathan. They're who she is, it's like cutting an arm off and attaching it to myself."

"A bit of a gruesome image, but I guess.....regardless, you didn't mean to do it, just give her time."

"How long?! I can't live without her, she means everything to me, I can't let her go!" Mike admitted.

"And Mike, you need to. If you truly love her, you'll give her as much time as she needs." Jonathan replied. "I can guarantee that after her cooling down, she'll see that you didn't mean it."

"What if she doesn't though? What if she hates me for this?" Mike questioned.

Jonathan chuckled. "Mike, I've lived with her for the last six months. You know her room is littered with memorabilia of you. She is obsessed with you."

She's obsessed with me too? Mike was relieved at that. If she loved him so much, then she couldn't be mad forever. It was just a couple's spat.

"She's being unfair." Mike stated.

"Yep, women are like that. They are unfair, I know that from being with your sister. You have no idea."

"Dude, I live with her, I'm on the receiving end of her unfairness."

Jonathan laughed. "You know, she got me fired once."

"What?"

"Yeah, it was when we were working at the paper, she was set on trying to prove herself to the writers, that actually how we figured out about the Mind Flayer. But anyways, we were in the middle of a

story about Mrs. Driscoll, after she turned flayed. The editor found out about us and fired us on the spot. The thing was she wanted me there, and I thought it was a bad idea, but I loved how dedicated she was. I just went along with it. Then afterwards she got mad at me. What I'm trying to say is, women tend to blame the closest person to them for things they can't control. By giving them space, you're letting them internalize the problem, they can't blame you if you're not there." Jonathan spoke.

"That's so weird."

"Yep.... Anyways, Owens managed to get mom's car and all of our stuff, so we are going to Murray's to catch up on some sleep before tonight." Jonathan announced

"What's tonight?"

"The Snow Ball! Remember?" Jonathan stood.

Mike didn't answer, would El even talk to him before then, or continue to stay mad?

"Don't worry about El, she'll want to dance with you, even if she is mad at you." Jonathan reassured.

"Okay."

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Mike had just left the room, leaving El alone to consider what had just happened. She was once again, powerless. It pissed her off so much because she wanted to be on the same level as Mike. She low key hated how he was the only one with powers, he had saved her life twice with them and he was now the 'special one'. Ever since he had found her in the rain, he had done nothing but treat her like gold, and even now.

Why did she make him go?

She broke down into tears, Mike had taken her powers, but he didn't mean to do it.

Joyce came into the room and approached her.

"Hey." she muttered. She sat down in the chair next to the bed.

El, eyes swollen, looked at Joyce. El didn't respond but continued her sobbing.

"Hey, shh, it's okay." Joyce reached over to embrace El.

El felt betrayed, but also felt guilty, it was a weird set of emotions. All she wanted was her powers, but the person she loved most took them from her. It was comparable to Brenner, her Papa. She loved him, but he betrayed her too. Although Brenner was purposefully torturing her. Mike didn't do it on purpose at all.

"I sent him away...." El sobbed into Joyce's shoulder. Joyce continued to console her.

After a while, Joyce broke the embrace and sat back down in the chair.

"Brenner has our stuff and the car, so we are gonna stay at Murray's for the rest of the night." Joyce announced.

"O-okay."

"El, he may have taken your powers, but he didn't do it on purpose, you know that." Joyce encouraged.

"I-I know, I just treated him like crap too." El stated. "But I don't know how to look at him right now."

"Just give it time, everything will work itself out." Joyce added. "Oh, by the way, it's probably not a good time to say this, but the Snow Ball is tonight."

The Snow Ball. It was something El had been looking forward to for six months, something that was hers and Mike's. She planned a dress, special makeup and everything. How was she going to fix this mess before then?

Joyce had already left the room, leaving El alone once again.

"UGGGGH!" she hit the bed with her fists.

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[Hawkins, Indiana | 7:05 am, same day | Radio: *A Holly Jolly Christmas* - *Burl Ives*]

"RISE AND SHINE DIPSHITS!" Steve yanked the curtain open to the living room window. "Robin is on her way here right now and we're leaving for Murray Bauman's place stat."

The kids were moaning, obviously not ready to be awake. Steve looked around the living room to where the kids had camped out overnight. Annoyed, Steve decided to go to the kitchen, where we grabbed a pan and a ladle, came back into the living room and...

BANG BANG BANG Steve hammered in their ears.

The three jolted up out of their makeshift beds where they just stared at Steve.

"What the hell dude?!" Dustin exclaimed.

"Yeah, seriously!" Max retorted.

"My ears!" Lucas moaned.

"All three of you go take a shower, it smells like a zoo in here." he waved his hand in front of his face "I'mma go make breakfast." He left again to the kitchen.

After they had gotten ready, Steve was reading a newspaper on the kitchen counter. Apparently 'making breakfast' to Steve was getting out the cereal and milk.

Dustin arrived in the kitchen when he noticed there was no breakfast and Steve was literally just reading.

"Um ... where's breakfast?" he pointed out. Steve reached into a

cupboard and grabbed a stack of bowls, sliding one down the island counter towards Dustin. "Here."

"Chex? Really?" Max came into the Kitchen.

"Hey, HEY. This ain't a hotel, you want eggs and bacon or some shit, walk your ass down to the store and get something else." Steve snapped back.

Max sighed loudly and grabbed a bowl, pouring herself some cereal.

Lucas came into the room shortly after. "What's for breakfast?" he asked.

"Chex." Max responded.

"OoOo, I like Chex." he sat upon a stool and grabbed a bowl.

"Seriously?" Max turned to look at Lucas with disgust.

"Yeah, they're awesome!" Lucas poured himself a bowl. Max rolled her eyes.

The doorbell rang. Steve jumped up and scurried to the front door. He opened it revealing Robin, who looked as if she'd just woken up. She was wearing yesterday's clothes and a scowl on her face. She pushed through the door into the house, removing her snowy footwear and hefty winter coat, dropping it on the floor.

"You realize there is a coat hanger like, right by the door." Steve told her. He noticed she looked like shit. "Great night, huh?" he winked at her.

"Don't do that." she said sternly.

Steve rolled his eyes and picked up her coat, hanging it on the coat hanger.

Dustin appeared at the doorway of the kitchen into the main room. "Robin!" he ran to her and hugged her. She awkwardly patted him on the back.

"So I guess your date went well?" Robin teased Steve.

"Yeah, yeah, let's not talk about that okay?" he responded. "Anyways, we got a four-hour drive ahead of us, we need to get going." he rushed.

"Wait, where are we going?" Robin questioned.

"To Murray Bauman's." Steve reached for his coat.

"Um.....WHY?"

"Oh yeah, Dustin, you can tell her in the car. Get the other two shitheads. I'll start the Stevemobile." he put on his shoes and walked out the door.

Robin looked at Dustin like 'what the hell' and went to go put her shoes on, when her coat was missing.

"Okay, where's my coat?"

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"So you're saying that Mike has superpowers?" Robin implored.

"Yep, and that he disappeared into thin air when we saw him last." Dustin responded.

"Huh."

Steve had just stopped by McDonald's and got breakfast sandwiches for everyone. They were just now leaving Hawkins.

"You all owe me for those by the way." Steve was referring to the sandwiches.

"Uh huh." Max responded.

"KiDs, ThAnK yOuR mOtHeR fOr BrEaKfAsT!" Robin mocked.

They all started laughing in the back seat. Steve frowned and continued driving.

[Murray's House, outside of Indianapolis | December 21st, 1985, 10:45 am]

Everyone had taken station at Murray's for the time being. Everyone came in and crashed on beds right away, Eleven and Joyce sharing a room, Nancy and Jonathan sharing the other, Will, Hopper, and Mike had taken the living room.

Mike assumed everyone was asleep still, but couldn't sleep himself. He had laid awake on the dusty sofa for four hours, just taking in what had happened over the last nineteen hours. He had received superpowers, teleported to El, saved El, saved El again, and now they were ignoring each other. Why? Because he had unintentionally stolen her powers.

He didn't feel anything new in his system, at least no new powers, but apparently, everyone was blaming him. The longer he laid asleep, the angrier he got. El was being unfair to him. She knew that he didn't do it on purpose, but she still was treating him like shit. The whole way here, she had ignored him, not even giving him glances or anything.

He flipped the covers off of him and got up. He wandered over to the kitchen, hoping to maybe find food or something. He rummaged through Murray's cupboards, finding the household staples such as Kellogg's cereal or Oreo cookies, but those wouldn't even begin to satisfy the hole in him.

He eventually made it over to the fridge to where he found expired milk, orange juice, and other things. Out of curiosity, he opened the freezer, immediately spotting the one thing that always made El happy.

Eggos.

Mike stood there for an eternity, staring at the Eggos. He could do so

much with them, the best was to take them out and toast some, but he felt like he needed to make himself feel avenged in some way. He knew it wasn't right, but he took them out, slammed the propane fridge shut and took the box to the toaster on the counter by the sink.

He plopped two Eggos into the toaster and waited for them to pop up. During his wait, he internalized some of his anger. That's what it was, anger. He just felt like El was being cruel. Yes, he took her powers, even if it was by accident, but she asked him in the room to comfort her. Anyone who saw their loved one in as much pain as she was would've tried to heal her from her pain too....right?

POP the toaster made him jump, snapping him out of his daze. He hadn't slept in literally a day, he was just a bit on edge.

He grabbed the Eggos and put them on a plate, putting two more in the toaster. He took his plate over to the small table on the other side of the kitchen and sat down in the only clear space on the table. Papers, newspapers, magazines, crowded the whole table.

He bit down on one of the Eggos when he noticed a plane ticket in the middle of the mess.

Bauman, Murray.

Indianapolis to New York City.

New York City to Kiev.

What was Murray going to Russia for? Maybe some weird news report or something? Mike shrugged it off.

He reached down for another Eggo, but his plate was empty. He got up, went to the kitchen grabbed the other two Eggos in the toaster. He went to pop in another two, but the box was empty. He continued back to the table, plate of Eggos in hand and sat back down.

He wasn't sure what he was hoping to accomplish by eating all of the Eggos, but he consciously left the box on the counter.

Just as he finished one of the remaining two waffles, El stumbled in

the room. He noticed her and she noticed him, but she once again ignored him. He wasn't about to acknowledge her either so he pretended he was reading one of the newspapers on the table. She reached for a water glass when she noticed the Eggo's box on the counter, looked over at Mike who had Eggo's on his plate.

She grabbed the box and shook it, revealing a shortage of Eggo's. Mike witnessed this out of the corner of his eye when he bit into the last waffle.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

Mike acted as if he was unphased.

"This?" he waved the Eggo in the air, before taking another bite. He swallowed and responded. "Oh, I was just hungry." He continued his 'attention' to the newspaper.

"They're Eggo's." she stated.

Mike returned his gaze to her, then to the waffle, and then back to her. "Um... so?"

"So?" she was visibly getting angry. "So, there are none left."

"There's Frosted Flakes in the cupboard, and milk in the fridge." he responded calmly, knowing damn well the milk was expired.

She huffed as she reached for a bowl, Frosted Flakes, and eventually opened the fridge and grabbed the milk. She poured the cereal, and then the milk right after. She reached for a spoon in the drawer and took a mouthful. She immediately gagged on the rotten milk.

"Oh yeah, the milk is expired." Mike tried his best from smiling as he continued to 'read' the newspaper.

She slammed the bowl into the sink and marched over to Mike.

"What is your problem?!" she drilled.

Mike looked up at her towering over her, he bit into the Eggo once again and spoke through the chewing of it. "Fproblem? I don't have a

fromlem." he mumbled.

"You're such an asshole!" she accused as she stomped towards the exit to the kitchen.

"Yeah, I'm the asshole." he muttered under his breath.

El stopped dead in her tracks and turned around slowly. "What did you just say?"

Uh oh.

"You take my powers, eat my eggos, allow me to drink rotten milk, and then call ME the asshole?!" she exclaimed.

Mike dropped the newspaper and gave her a judgmental look. He shook his head and bit into the last piece of eggo, looking her dead in the eye.

"Just go." he retorted

"UUUGHH!" she stormed out.

That felt satisfying to Mike, VERY satisfying. He knew deep down it worsened the situation, but it felt good. He just wanted her to admit she was wrong, but knew that it would never happen. He knew some way he needed to fix this, but his pride would be at stake if he did.

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El stormed out of the kitchen and over to the bedroom where she and Joyce were sleeping.

"El?" Joyce spoke from the bed.

"What?!" she snapped.

"Excuse me? Try a better tone." Joyce enforced.

"Sorry, Mike just pissed me off again." El informed.

Joyce sat up on the bed. "What happened?"

"He ate all of the Eggos to make me mad, and then let me drink rotten milk from the fridge. And to top it off said 'Just go.' when I got mad at him. Just like I told him." she stated.

Joyce contemplated the situation. *What a mess.* The relationship problems she had as a teen couldn't compare by any means. Mike was definitely being an ass, but honestly, could you blame him? El wasn't being exactly fair either.

"Look, I can't tell you what to do in this, but I do want you to rethink this mess from outside the box for a moment. Now, I'm just going to state facts here okay?" Joyce prepped. El nodded. Joyce motioned for El to sit next to her. She obeyed and sat next to Joyce.

"So, before you got your powers, you called Mike into the room because you wanted comfort?" Joyce asked.

"Yeah."

"So he did, came into the room and comforted you as you got the serum. He stayed with you when everyone left so you weren't alone in the room."

"...yeah."

"And then he sees you in pain, and tries to alleviate it, ending up draining your powers, and then you choose to make him leave the room, and then ignore him for the whole ride here." Joyce continued.

"Your point?" El questioned.

"My point is that you're mad at him for something he didn't mean to do, thinks you're treating him unfairly and then decided to push back." Joyce concluded.

"So this is my fault." El said impatiently.

"No, it's neither your faults. You're blaming him, when it's just something that happened. Nobody has blame for this." Joyce added.
"Just... think about it okay?"

A loud buzzing came about every corner of the house. Must be the

doorbell.

Steve and the others were standing outside of the warehouse waiting on someone to open the door. They waited for what seemed like forever, until someone clicked the button.

"Guys?" Will spoke through the com.

"WILL?!" the kids shouted, "What are you doing here?"

"Look, can you let us in or not?" Steve asserted.

Muffled sounds came from the other side, before Murray spoke into the microphone.

"Shoo, get away from the buzzer!... State your identities please." Murray.

"Really? You can see us can you not?" Steve answered.

"Speak your identities, or I will open this door and shoot you in the face with my 12 gauge for trespassing on private property." Murray stated.

"Well, I'm Robin!." said Robin

"State full name, please." Murray was just being unnecessarily difficult.

"Robin Buckley."

"Steve Harrington."

"Dustin Henderson."

"Lucas Sinclair."

"Max Mayfield."

The buzzer on the door sounded, opening the door to reveal a Murray Bauman with a white tank top and boxers.

"Well, it looks like everyone is here!" he shouted behind him into the house. He let everyone in and closed the door behind them.

Will appeared from the house, "Guys!" he ran over to them and hugged each one individually.

"Hey man, how's the big city treating you?" Dustin asked.

Suddenly, Mike appeared from the hall.

"Mike?" Dustin questioned.

"What the hell are you doing here?" Lucas added.

"Yeah, you literally fell off of the face of the earth!" Max commented.

"Yeah well, I kinda did."

"...Yeah and then some." El appeared behind him and walked in to hug everyone there.

"El!" the three group-hugged her.

"Alright, well. Come in, I guess I'll make coffee." Murray disappeared off into the kitchen.

"So why are you all here?" Max questioned looking around the grungy warehouse.

Hopper has obviously woken up, the buzzer would do that. The whole group stopped dead in their tracks.

"Hold up, I thought you were a Russian prisoner in.... Russia." Dustin stated.

"Oh boy do we have a lot to catch up on!" Joyce appeared from one of the bedrooms.

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"So Mike stole your powers?" Max asked with a shit-eating grin.

"I didn't 'steal' anything, it was an accident." Mike explained.

"Yes, he stole my powers." El confirmed.

"It was an accident!" Mike added.

"Have you dumped him yet?" Max ignored Mike completely.

Mike sat down on the couch pulling his hands to his face. Great, now that Max was here, his world was going to be even more frustrating.

"Enough. We all know it was an accident. Leave it alone." Hopper unusually came to Mike's defense.

"Doesn't fix the fact that he did it." El mumbled.

"Guys, I am right here." Mike stated. The two girls continued to ignore him.

Murray was starting to get fed up with the bullshit. "SPARE ME! Jesus Christ, you two are bringing the whole mood down here. Just please SHUT UP." he ordered.

"You too? He was..."

"Bah, bah, bah, bah. NO. I don't want to hear it. Spare me." Murray pouted as he plopped down on his la-z-boy.

Silence overtook the room, when suddenly Mike got up and stormed to the door.

"Where are you going?" Dustin piped.

"Not here." Mike held his hand out and opened a portal. "El, you know what this is about? You love your powers more than me. Maybe you're right, we're too obsessed with each other to realize what's MORE important in our lives. I need a break from you, because obviously I'm less important to you than your powers." He walked through the portal.

"Mike, MIKE, WAIT, HOLD UP!" Dustin and Lucas ran to the portal when it closed, leaving everyone but Mike there.

Everyone went silent. The impossible just happened, nobody in the

room would've ever thought that Mike would practically dump El, ever. The most shocked out of the group was El. She sat on the couch looking to where Mike had teleported away as if her whole world came tumbling down. She lost her powers, then lost Mike. Her whole world was gone, and what for?

"What have I done?" El muttered, realizing what she did to him.

"Don't worry about him, he's a douchebag anyways." Max encouraged.

El turned to look at Max, "For once in your life.... Shut up!" El exclaimed as she stormed off to the bedroom.

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[Radio: *All by myself* - Eric Carmen]

Mike was outside his house back in Hawkins, he just broke up with El, the most important person in his life. He didn't deserve it though, all he'd done since was try to apologize, but this morning he had had enough. Max mixing with the situation just broke the camel's back with him. He fell in love with El because she was understanding, she always understood. What happened?

What made it even worse was that tonight was the Snow Ball. It also would've been their two year anniversary, but it was ruined now.

He opened the door to the house and walked in. All of the lights were off, meaning that everyone was still sleeping. He walked over to the door that went down to the basement and continued down the stairs. He came across the fort he had built for her. It brought back so many memories. It was where he hid her, it was where he called her on the walkie-talkie for hours on end hoping that she was alive. In front of the fort, on the table was 'Cerebro'. When she'd moved to Indianapolis, he used it to call her and talk for hours with her.

What happened? Why did she all of a sudden want her powers more than him? Why did she treat him like trash? Why was she, quite

frankly, being such a spoiled brat? Maybe it was knowing everything about her, maybe that freaked her out?

But I made sure she'd seen everything too.

He broke down on the couch and curled up in a ball. He regretted breaking up with her, but it was the only way to get his point across. Maybe she'll take it badly, maybe she'll realize that she screwed up, who knows.

He also knew that he had also screwed up. He's taken her powers. Maybe he should've tried to give them back, but he realized he felt nothing new. Nothing more powerful.

Everyone is wrong. I didn't take her powers. I would feel it. He thought.

He decided he was still going to show up to the Snow Ball, he wasn't going to back out on months of committing to the special event, even if it meant not dancing with El.

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[Hawkins, Indiana | December 21st, 1985, 5:02 pm.]

The group had managed to get back to Hawkins, with all of the girls at the Wheeler house, and all of the boys and Robin at Steve's house.

They only had two hours to completely get ready for the dance, meaning that the girls were rushing. Joyce and Hopper had decided to go to Denny's for a 'date'. Being that it was the nicest place to eat in Hawkins now that people were fleeing like rats on a sinking ship.

Joyce decided she wouldn't go in an elaborate dress, but wear something casual. She was dressed in blue jeans, and a long sleeve grey sweater. Her main goal was, with the help of Karen Wheeler, to assist the girls with their hair and makeup. This was something they'd been planning even before they made the trip.

Everything was spread out between the upstairs bathroom, Nancy's

bedroom, and the downstairs kitchen. Joyce and Karen were in the kitchen talking about Hopper being alive, Karen was shocked at first, but the story that Owens made everyone come up with convinced Karen that it made sense.

"So you're going to the dance with him?" Karen asked Holly was at her feet playing with a barbie doll.

"No, we decided we would go to Denny's for dinner, maybe catch a movie, not sure yet." Joyce responded. She was in the middle of making a salad to go with dinner before everyone went to the dance.

"That's a romantic place to go for a date." Karen commented.

"Yeah, I know, but since Enzos closed down, it's the nicest place here." Joyce added.

"Oh, I would never know, Ted's always too busy to take me on a date, I honestly wish I could just go and do something with him, even if it was to go to Denny's." Karen pouted.

Joyce realized that their Karen and Ted's marriage was only working because of the three kids. Poor thing, Karen was such a sweet soul.

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"El are you going to do your hair?" Nancy asked. El was sitting on the bed as quiet as a shrew.

She had been this way for hours, ever since Mike had declared they needed a break. She halfheartedly looked up at Nancy, who's hair was finished.

"What's the point." El mumbled.

Nancy needed to cheer her up somehow. She sat next to El on her bed.

"Hey, Mike is just lashing out, he'll come around, especially when he sees you in your dress!" she hyped.

"It's not him, Nancy, it's me. He's right, I acted like my powers were

more important than him, I should've never pushed him away." El's eyes began to water. Nancy comforted her by putting an arm around her.

"It's a good thing I haven't done your makeup yet." Nancy stated, making El giggle. "There she is!" Nancy rubbed El's back. "Listen, when you go to the ball, just talk to him. Apologizing is your choice, but just approach him. He'll cave, I know he will." Nancy encouraged.

"What if he refuses to forgive me?"

Nancy laughed. "Just use your eyes, men are irresistible to eyes. And El, your eyes are beautiful, Mike could never stay mad at those eyes." Nancy reassured.

El was feeling more confident of herself, the talk that Nancy gave her helped her a lot.

"Now, let's do your hair!"

Steve's house was the base of operations for the boys, and Robin. Everyone had come in their formal clothing for the dance, with the exception of Hopper. Hopper had a change of clothes that he had 'borrowed' from the Gap in Indianapolis. Hopper was never big on formal-casual clothes, but he looked good in a dress shirt and sweater.

"Dude, you need to shave." Dustin commented.

It was true, Hopper had grown a bit of a santa beard since he had been saved from captivity. His hair had also been turning white, making him look a bit older.

"STEVE!" Robin yelled upstairs.

"Yeaah?" Steve responded.

"Do you have Hair Clippers!" she shouted back.

"Yeah!"

"Could you bring them down so I can make Hopper look less of a caveman!"

"Sure."

Mike was in the living room sitting on the couch, he'd been silent the whole day, thinking about how he could have handled the situation differently. He honestly treated El like shit too. How could she take him back? He'd literally taken everything from her.

"Hey," Robin sat down next to him.

"Hi." Mike responded halfheartedly.

"Look, I know you and El share some deep stuff. I honestly wish I could share that with someone." she began. Mike tensed up. "But I think you're right in this, and that's coming from a girl. However, you do need to approach her, and figure out a way to make this better, because ignoring her and dumping her is only going to make the situation worse."

Mike nodded, he knew she was right, even if he didn't do anything 'wrong', he was still partially to blame for what happened.

"I guess." he responded.

"What do you want Mike?" she quizzed.

"What do you mean?"

"What do you want, more than anything in the world?"

Mike considered it, he wanted El. El was still the most important thing in the world to him, and he wanted her.

"I-I want to be with El." he replied.

"So then go get her, look your best when you go to that dance, and go get her." Robin encouraged.

Mike smiled for the first time in hours.

"Alright!"

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[Hawkins Middle School | December 21st, 1985, 7:24 pm | *I wanna dance with somebody - Whitney Houston*]

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People had already shown up to the gym at the Middle school, likely all students of either the Middle or High school. People dressed in formal clothing were pouring from the street.

El and the girls had evacuated the Wheeler car, revealing them wearing quite elaborate dresses, especially El. Who was wearing a dark purple dress. Yes, purple was her favorite color, but she originally packed it to impress Mike. She wanted nothing more than to make things better, and she knew the only way to do that was apologize.

"Have fun guys!" Karen yelled from the driver's seat as Nancy and Max slammed their doors shut.

"Ready?" Nancy asked.

They continued up the steps to the gym.

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Mike and the guys had already been waiting inside for nearly half an hour.

"They're late." Lucas pointed out.

"Dude, they're girls." Dustin retorted.

Mike was just staring at the doors to the gym, waiting for El to show up. He knew if he could make things right with her, their bond would be stronger than ever.

Steve was dressed as if he was ready for prom. Robin had picked on him about it, saying things like 'your nine o'clock is here, sir' or 'will you dance with me your majesty'.

"Look I rule a tux, just let me have my moment of class!" he defended.

"The only 'class' in this town are through those doors." Robin pointed into the school. "Also we are kind old to be here."

"Fine, I'll dance with you." Steve held out his hand, for which Robin took. He pulled her out to the dance floor.

"They aren't gonna show are they." Lucas stated impatiently.

"They'll be here when they get here." Jonathan responded, wishing Lucas would stop fidgeting.

Suddenly the doors to the gym opened revealing three women. Nancy had a turquoise dress on, Max with red, and El. El was wearing purple.

"Whoa." Mike stumbled. El was stunning, her hair was done up in a flashdance style.

El approached him with utter nervousness. Before she was only inches away from him. It was the first time in twelve hours she had even looked at him in the eye.

"Hi." she said, waiting for a response.

"Y-y-you're beautiful." he answered. Making her smile and blush.

"T-thanks."

They stood there staring at each other, the awkwardness rising through the roof.

"Hey, M-Mike?" she began. "I-I'm....."

"I'm sorry!" Mike blurted out. "I treated you like crap today. I should've never done that!"

"I should be the one to say sorry Mike.... I should've never pushed you away like that."

[Wake me up before you go-go-Wham!]

That took Mike by surprise, he never thought she would've ever apologized. He was speechless. He reached in and kissed her, revitalizing their relationship once again.

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[Denny's | Same time]

"So did they feed you good?" Joyce asked.

Hopper practically had downed a place of scrambled eggs in minutes.

"Not as good as this." he motioned towards the food.

She laughed. Before coming back to a serious moment. "Jim, you have no idea how much I missed you, how much we all missed you." she grabbed his hand on the table.

"Yeah well, you couldn't get rid of me that easily." they looked into each other's eyes. Realization coming upon them.

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Nobody was around, the restaurant was empty and free of disruptions, they had gone into the handicap bathroom and began feeling each other up. Joyce shoved Hopper into the wall of the bathroom, and was passionately kissing him. She needed this too. She realized that she kinda had feelings for him before she fried him into dust. They started removing each other's clothing, and continued on neither of whom wanted it to stop.

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[Hawkins Middle School | Radio: *I want to know what love is - Foreigner*]

Mike and El had been dancing away for what felt like an eternity. The last twenty-four hours had been a challenging time for their relationship, but it appeared as if El had forgiven him. Mike had been taking dance lessons, well by his mom, but still. He wanted to impress El. Apparently, she had improved greatly too as she knew what she was doing.

They were now in a hugging position dancing to *I want to know what love is* by Foreigner. She wanted to tell Mike something.

"Mike." he didn't respond but she knew he was listening. "I want you to know that I could never put anything above you, even my powers." she admitted.

"I know, I should've never said that." he immediately responded.

"I love you, more than anything in this world. Nothing could change that, I just get.... A little cranky when I haven't slept." she joked.

Mike laughed. "Me too.... Me too."

"El, I have something to tell you, I was gonna wait until Christmas, but I think now is better....I'm moving to Indianapolis." he announced.

"Wait, really?" she exclaimed.

"Yeah, I'll get to see you every day." he still couldn't believe it.

El was shocked. She had been worried that this was the only time she would have seen him until spring break, but it wasn't the case. They would be going to the same school, likely taking the same classes, it was something she would always dream of. Mike moving close to her.

"I-I'm so happy!" she hugged him tightly. "When do you move?"

"Right after New Year's, did you see all the boxes in the house?" he

asked.

"I wondered why there were boxes everywhere." she stated.

They stopped and looked at each other in the eyes before once again kissing each other.

For the rest of the dance, they held each other in their arms and danced.

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{A/N} Well that concludes Chapter 4 of Season 4! I thought that Mike and El needed a bit of a challenge in their relationship.

Once again, I'm still looking for consultants for this story, it would help a lot.

Credits to Soah Aep for creating the new cover photo to this story, it's gorgeous.

Next chapter will be a time jump, and is also where the show really takes off. I hope you enjoyed this chapter, and review.

pLeAsE rEvIeW.

Thx

-Reddinator1000

5. Chapter 5: Girl With The Flaming Skin

[A/N] Heyo everyone! It's been a while since I updated, I know. I'm not going to apologize for it because my own life has taken a plot twist, I'm planning on transferring Universities for one, and I have also been working 40 hours a week too, so when I plan on writing during the day, I'm just too tired to. Luckily, University starts on Wednesday and I'll likely have more time to dedicate myself to writing.

Now back to the book! This chapter, I legitimately rewrote completely like 3 times because the direction I want to take it changes day to day. So this was by far the best version I could come up with without going insane.

I found it really humbling for y'all to want me to update as soon as possible, which makes me feel good inside. Again, I am still looking for advisors as well, so if you want to be a part of the writing of this fic, please let me know, I'm actually a really nice person most days!

Anyways, here you go! It is the 5th out of 8 chapters of the season. Have fun!

CHAPTER V

THE GIRL WITH THE FLAMING SKIN

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[Chernobyl Nuclear Plant, outside of Pripyat, Ukraine SSR | April 26th, 1986, 1:02 am]

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(In Russian) "Sir, you have a phone call from Comrade-General Stepanov." A Russian guard notified one of the main scientists under the power plant.

The scientist grabbed the phone. "Comrade-General." he greeted without enthusiasm.

"We need you to let it go. The plant needs to be turned off." The commanding officer spoke through the hunk of metal.

"But sit, it will leak if I do...."

"That is an order, there are trucks waiting outside for you and your team." the Comrade-General hung up the phone, leaving the scientist alone in the room outside of the reactor.

If this reactor blows up, the radiation could wipe out the whole continent. He thought long and hard about the decision he was about to make. Suddenly, armed guards flooded into the room and stood on standby, waiting for the man to turn off the switch.

Fun fact, the actual plant was above the base, that was where they managed and allocated nuclear power, but this secret floor under the base was used for testing and other laboratory terms. The scientist had been working for the Soviet government ever since he graduated from university, but never did in any of his studies did they ever come out with a scenario where he was ordered to shut off a nuclear reactor

"Why are you hesitating? Turn it off!" one of the guards shouted from the doorway.

"I-I can't." the scientist concluded.

"How about I shoot you then turn it off myself, eh?" the guard pointed the machine-gun right at the scientist.

"Okay, okay, I do it." The man paced over to the wall where a Soviet banner was positioned. Behind it, was a safe embedded in the wall.

He pushed the banner out of the way and turned the knob to the safe, eventually opening the door. Inside was a key, which the man swiftly grabbed and walked over to the massive control panel in front.

Outside of the glass separating the room and the reactor, looked down over the massive hunk of metal. All around it, scientists were in

hazmat suits who were working as if nothing could go wrong.

Before he turned the key to shut the power plant off, the man pressed the button to the intercom.

"Fellow Scientists, Comrade-General Stepanov has ordered me to turn off the reactor, we need to leave the premises immediately. Out front, there are Soviet trucks who will transport us away from any disaster."

Chaos directly ensued, scientists were running around, getting out of the reactor room as soon as they could. He then pushed the alarm buttons, making a loud urgent ringing to echo down the halls and in the reactor room.

He turned to the armed guard behind him. "We wait two minutes until my team gets out."

"One minute and then I shoot you and turn that key." the guard seemed very anxious to shoot someone.

After about a minute, the scientist turned the key as the guard escorted him out of the building.

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The scientist was in the backseat of a military truck as he briefly looked back at the power plant. The whole building was soon engulfed in smoke as the sound of explosions occurred.

"This is not good." the scientist spoke to no one.

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[Wabash Middle School, Indianapolis | 6 hours before | April 25, 1986, 12:11 pm | Radio: *Paradise City - Guns n' Roses*]

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"Okay here's the plan." Will slammed a rather large piece of paper

with random scribbles and lists on the table.

Around the table was the party, along with its new addition, Suzie. Everyone was in the school cafeteria. It was the last day of school before spring break which meant, yes, you guessed it, endless DnD.

Will and El had teamed up and planned a thirty-eight hour DnD campaign for around a month now.

"Starting monday, we are going to start a weeklong campaign, we completed it just last night." he motioned at El who was sitting next to Mike.

El still didn't have her powers, but she was beginning to accept it. The last three months were definitely a bit of a challenge for her, she'd been enrolled into Middle School, making it quite difficult for her to meld in with thousands of other teenagers. She stuck quite close to the party, being that it felt like they always sheltered her from the madness. Everyone has helped her with homework and studying, taking turns sometimes, or doing a group session, but they were all very helpful with keeping her on track. Her grades had been progressively getting better, but weren't really 'getting into the cheerleaders' worthy yet.

"Mom and Hop have allowed us to use the basement as our base of operations. If you want, I can get her to call your parents for convincing." Will continued.

Joyce and Hopper had been living together in Indianapolis ever since winter break. Being that Hopper didn't have anywhere to live because, you know, he was 'dead' for six months. He'd gotten a job at the police station as a detective and was quickly rising up through the ranks.

"That still doesn't explain the paper." Lucas motioned to the large piece of paper on the table.

Will didn't answer. "So who's all in?"

"Obviously Mike. Right Mike?" El squeezed his hand getting his attention.

"Huh? Yeah, yeah sure." he agreed, not knowing what he was agreeing to.

Mike was training at the compound until late last night, Owens was getting him to do things with his powers that just made him straight up tired. What was disappointing was that his powers weren't really getting stronger, but they were still 'explode a man' strong. He had been going every Tuesday and Thursday, his parents were convinced he was going to tutoring, or to El's house then, but no, he was wasting his energy on destroying punching bags and crushing vehicles.

Apparently, Owens was developing a new serum, one that wasn't necessarily stronger, but didn't take as much energy out of the user when their powers were activated. It was basically an addition to the ones he had already. Of course, he hadn't taken the vial yet, but he knew it was coming.

"Hey Mike, you okay?" Dustin lisped.

"Yeah, just tired, that's all.

"Okay, well I hope it's not just Mike coming." Will asserted.

"We will be there." Max bumped Lucas in the arm with her fist.

"Ow!" Lucas winced.

"Dustin?" Will asked.

"I don't know, if Suzie can't go I won't."

Suzie had been quiet the whole time. Her parents had moved to Indianapolis only a couple of months ago, but she wasn't used to going to public school. Back in Salt Lake City, they had a Mormon school where she went, but the closest one to the city was in Bloomington next to the University. Her parents her always busy too, they had been volunteering ridiculous hours at the church, leaving her with her older sister to take care of her, and even then she went out and partied all night anyways.

"I'll have to ask my sister." she finally stated.

"Is your sister in charge of you?" Max interjected.

"Well, no but...."

"But you're coming with us. It'll be fun! When we are breaking, we can go shopping or something. Will's mom gives us family and friend's discount when we go, so." Max encouraged.

Life for Max had been difficult since they had moved, her Mom had gotten a job at the Gap as well and had been supporting the two of them. Luckily, Max had been distracted by school and friends, so the ongoing divorce that her mom went through wasn't heavy on her mind.

"Okay, sure." Suzie confirmed. Suzie was amazing at anything nerdy, including DnD. Although the party had never played a game with her.

"Alright there we go, it's all settled then!" Will folded up the monstrous piece of scribbled on paper.

"What is that even for?" Dustin mentioned. Will still didn't answer.

Will was still in his child phase, he had accepted that growing up was for adults and not children, and he still considered himself a child. He didn't want a girlfriend, at least, not yet, which is saying something for how he had acted about it for the past year. Everyone at the table except him was in a relationship, but it didn't bother him.

"Hey girl, you should come and sit with the cool kids." A hunky teen with a big 'W' on his 'jocket' approached the table, directed at El.

"Um, I'm fine here, Anderson." she looked at Mike who had his head down, not making eye contact with him.

"Are you sure? I mean, your friends aren't very welcome to this school anyways, you know, being NERDS and all." he pressed.

"I'm good with being a nerd right here." she said again.

"Well being that I wasn't asking you, you should come with us." he reached for her hand as she pulled away.

"Hey dude, leave her alone!" Max stood up.

"Shut up nerd." the jock continued to reach for El who was struggling to remove his hands off of her.

"Please leave me alone." she repeated.

Mike couldn't take it anymore, he slammed his fists on the table and stood up, facing the guy eye to eye. "That's enough! Leave her alone!"

"Oh no, the nerdy boyfriend is gonna save the day." he mocked. "I'm so scared!"

Mike got up right in his face and challenged his authority. "Leave. Her. Alone." he stated once again.

The jock reached his hands up and attempted to shove Mike into the table, but Mike stood still like rock, not budging, thanks to his powers of course.

The lights in the cafeteria began to flicker, as Mike continued to get angrier. The floor shaking the tables little by little.

"GO. AWAY!" he ordered once again.

"Mike, please stop, you're going to hurt someone." El touched him arm.

He started to settle down, the lights no longer flickering, and him coming to his senses again.

"I-I'm sorry." he muttered as she looked right into his eyes.

The jock had already disappeared to the table with the other jocks. Everyone sat back down as Mike had gone silent.

"Why were the lights flickering like that?" Suzie asked Dustin.

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[The Gap, Downtown, Indianapolis | Same time | Radio: *Never gonna give you up - Rick Astley.... Yes you've been rickrolled.*]

"I'm sorry miss, but I can't return your jeans unless you have a receipt." Joyce was manning the 'returns' till until the employee got back from her lunch.

"Can you not see the tag? It says it was purchased at the Gap." the old woman on the other side of the till was giving Joyce a hard time.

"Yes, but you still need a receipt," Joyce repeated.

"May I speak to your manager?" the woman asked.

"I am the manager." Joyce had gotten to the point of impatience with the lady.

The woman was visibly caught off guard, not expecting Joyce to say that. Joyce continued to look down at her with a mischievous smirk. Unfortunately, that's how retail went. If customers could be complete idiots, they would be without hesitation.

"Hmmp. Well. I won't be shopping here again." the woman stated as she marched off and out of the store.

Thank god.

The next in line at the till just happened to be her boyfriend of four months. It's true, ever since they 'done' it in the bathroom at Denny's, they had been going out. It didn't come without challenges though, Hopper at first refused to move out of Hawkins, even though he had literally nothing there, and then Joyce kinda pulled an ultimatum on him 'either come with, or goodbye' kind of thing, which he caved. The next being when he had moved in with her, he needed to go get a job instead of sitting around and watching Magnum P.I. or M.A.S.H all day. He initially refused, as he proceeded to get another beer out of the mini-fridge next to the TV, but once again, she said something along the lines of 'get a job or get out'. Which he caved.

Speaking of which, Hopper got a rather noble job of detective at the

Indianapolis Metropolitan Police. His record spoke for himself, being the chief of police for nearly twenty years in Hawkins, making him very suitable for the job. Also after risking his life for many lives, he was regarded as a hero, which made him more desired for the position.

"Hey Jo." he approached the counter.

"Hey Hop." she reached out and kissed him right on the lips, brushing past his thick moustache.

"Brought lunch!" He held up a bag from Wendy's.

"I'm sure the till can manage itself for a while." she bounced back.

"I'm sure." he smiled.

They had taken station in her office, she pushed away the mountain of papers on the desk as they proceeded to sit down. Hop unloaded the paper sack, which contained two baconator combos with a root beer.

"Well I have some news, I think you're gonna like." he teased.

"What is it? You better not be growing that god awful beard again." she warned.

"No no, don't worry, those days are over." he stated. "The commissioner is appointing me, Captain of the downtown precinct!" he unwrapped his burger

Joyce squealed in excitement. "Oh my god Jim! That's fantastic!"

"Hold on, I'm not finished." he said before taking a bite. "We can move to a much larger house with the expenses straight from the city itself." he took a sip.

She brought her hand to her mouth in an excited fashion as he continued.

"The kids won't have to switch schools or anything either, so they'll definitely be happy to hear that. Besides, I don't want Mike going full

Terminator on me if I had to tell him."

"Good point."

It's true, ever since Mike got his powers, Hop had been scared to tell Mike 'no' to sleepovers or playdates or whatever they do. If Hopper had given Mike any flack at all, who knows what would happen if he got angry, the biggest possibility was that Mike would unintentionally blow Hop's brains out. Joking aside and everything, he still didn't want to take that chance.

This sequence of events forced Hop to have *the talk* with both of them. Luckily, Joyce had done most of the talking with Hopper just nodding his head in agreement, but it still worked.

"So, how's work? He broke the silence as they were eating the classic American meal.

"Well, it sucks, but I'm making money, so."

Hopper's pager went off before he was about to respond.

"Well, it looks like they need me." he looked sad.

"Go ahead, I will just finish my lunch with Greg from Macy's." she retorted.

"Yeah sure, whatever." he frowned his usual frown.

"See you tonight."

"Love you."

"Love you too." Hopper left the room.

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"Do you think this is where you want to go?" Nancy asked Jonathan as they were walking down the path.

The two were touring the Indiana University campus in Bloomington. Jonathan had sights to go to university for photography, and this particular university had a well-renowned arts program, especially for visual arts. It was Jonathan's dream to become a professional photographer and actually make a living on it. If only he could afford it.

Nancy was currently enrolled in a private school to become a private investigator, and was doing quite well. By the summer she would most likely get her license to become one. With Jonathan's photography skills and her intense intuition, they could likely run a very successful business.

"I don't know, I mean, it's really pretty and all here, but I don't know if I can afford it." Jonathan was skeptical about the whole thing.

He didn't want to leave his mom and Will alone, especially for what they've gone through, it just didn't feel right. On the other hand, the school would give him anything and everything he needed to pursue his dream, but it was just too much to think about.

"Well, we could alternate weekends, you come visit me, I come visit you..... I just... I really think you'll like it here."

"Yeah maybe." he drifted off.

The two traveled down the stone walkway until they reached the parking lot where Jonathan's car was.

"It's not that I don't want to go here, Nance, I've just always wanted to go to NYU, and I can't leave you or my family to do that. If I go here, the likelihood of me becoming a photographer for the New York Times or something is slim, and, I guess I just want to be somewhere like NYU and be with the people I love at the same time." he admitted.

"Well, unfortunately, I can't decide that for you." she said as she opened the passenger's door to his car.

The two crawled in the vehicle, both frustrated.

"Nancy, come with me." Jonathan stated.

"What do you mean?" Nancy knew where this was headed.

"Come with me to New York, we could rent a loft or something while I go to school." he added.

"What do you expect me to do there, Jonathan? The competition for P.I's there is ridiculous, and I can't just sit around all day waiting for you to come home so I can make you dinner. I refuse to be that person after Steve, because that's exactly what he wanted." she was getting frustrated.

"I know, and I wouldn't expect that of you...." he tried.

"I just..... I can't.... I have a life to live too." she pouted.

The two had stayed silent for what seemed like hours before Jonathan eventually spoke.

"Nevermind, I shouldn't have said anything, I guess I just realize I can't live a life without you in it." he started the car.

"I love you Jonathan, and I'm sure we will figure it out, but I can't drop my life to make you my new life, I just can't do it." she concluded.

"I'll tell them that I'm going here, I mean, the whole University is breathtaking." he tried to lift the mood.

Nancy stayed silent as the two drove back to Indianapolis.

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[Downtown Indianapolis | 3:32 pm | Radio: *Get it right* - Aretha Franklin]

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"I want to go to the Museum!" Lucas exclaimed at Max who was alongside El.

"Yes, but we want to go shopping!" Max countered.

After school was over, the group decided to head downtown to do some shopping or sightseeing, they hadn't really decided, but they were there. The argument had split up into two factions, the boys wanted to go the Children's museum, but the girls weren't really interested in fake dinosaurs and other random uninteresting objects. Except, Suzie didn't get in the middle of it, she was silent as the fury of words poured out of everyone's mouths.

"Suzie, do you want to go shopping?" El pressed.

"I'm not interested in fighting you any of you, so no." she said point-blank.

"See? The majority of the party agrees we just go to the museum!" Mike piped up.

"Yeah, it's a democracy, four to two to.... One?" Dustin looked at Suzie.

"Yeah, a majority of men. We're going shopping, you can come with us if you want." El turned to Max as the started walking the other direction.

"They can't just disobey the law like that!" Will stated.

"Yeah, but they just did." Mike began following them.

"Where are you going?" Lucas drilled.

"I'm not letting them out alone in downtown." Mike turned to face them, walking backwards.

"Well, Suzie, it looks like we're going shopping." Dustin halfheartedly reached his hand out for hers, which she took.

"Dustin, you too?"

"Sorry Lucas."

"Well I guess it's just us." Will commented.

"Yep, it's just us."

"Do you want to follow?"

"Not really you?"

"Not really."

The two began walking in the same direction out of reflex.

"Well it looks like we're going." Lucas pointed out.

After they caught up to everyone else, the boys just pouted, not really wanting to do anything with the girls where they had to carry bags of stuff the girls would never wear. Mike thought about it and remembered they had a family and friends discount at the Gap, and knowing Joyce, she'd likely pay for most of it.

The party circled through a few blocks until they reached an alleyway, which was a shortcut to the mall. The grungy, moldy smell hit them in the faces as they continued through, hoping not to accidentally slip in fryer grease. They walked past a dumpster when they noticed a girl about the same age as them curled up, dirty and shivering.

"Whoa, are you okay?" Dustin asked.

The girl didn't respond, just looking at the sky as if she was waiting for something. She had long blond hair, and hazel eyes, but the odd part was that she was wearing a hospital gown.

"Dude, she has a hospital gown on." Lucas bumped Mike's shoulder.

El recognized the pattern of the gown from Hawkins Lab when she was held captive. Immediately, she began shivering to the core, not from being cold, but rather anger. She approached the girl and grabbed her wrist, making the girl flinch.

'012' it read, El practically threw her arm away and backed away.

"S-She's a test subject." El stammered.

"What do you mean a test subject?" Suzie asked.

Suzie had been oblivious to everything that had happened over the last few years, the group had decided not to tell her because she was still a very religious person, and telling her about the Upside Down and Demogorgons would likely destroy her. Dustin had asked everyone to keep the discussions down when she wasn't around so that things wouldn't spiral out of control.

But with this, this was something they could try to keep silent, but after this point, someone would have to tell her what was going on.

"Are you hurt?" Mike asked the blond girl.

She shook her head as if to say 'no'. She appeared to be genuinely terrified, but how she ended up in an alley in downtown Indianapolis was concerning.

Will reached his hand down to her to help her up, a gesture that she understood but didn't take. El rolled her sleeve up and showed her '011' tattoo to the girl, making the girl come to her senses.

"You.... too?" she muttered.

"Okay good, she's not mute." Lucas retorted. Max immediately hit him in the stomach causing him to grunt in pain.

"Ow..."

"Yeah, me too." El responded. She reached her hand down to help her up, this time taking the offer as El helped her stand.

Will couldn't help but notice how beautiful she was, the bright almost fluorescent locks of blond hair and her shining hazel eyes just captivated him (A/N Insert: if you want to find an actor that I'm modeling after, look up Veronika Bonell.) Something about her intrigued him and he had a hard time denying it.

"Alright, what is going on?" Suzie exclaimed.

The party looked back and forth to each other, considering if they should tell her, but Dustin was furiously shaking his head 'no'.

"Dusty-bun? What's going on?" Dustin couldn't handle it, if he told

her, she'd think they were all nuts, think he was nuts, but she'd leave if he didn't tell her.

"Mike, can you do me a favor?" he spoke finally.

"What is it?" Mike responded.

"Could you do something with your powers to help me convince her?"

"Umm, sure?"

Mike reached his hand out and grabbed a tin garbage can with his mind and lifted it into the air, twirling it and doing tricks with it.

Suzie had a look of pure shock and confusion on her face. "H-he's moving it with his mind!" she murmured.

The blond girl did the same, she hadn't seen another person able to... do things with their mind

"Yes, now it's just the beginning of what I'm about to tell you."

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**[Indianapolis Government Compound | 3 months earlier,
January 17th, 1986]**

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"Alright, Ms. Nicole Howard, please step up." A scientist ordered.

The girl stepped up on the scale as the scanner turned side to side recording the girl's weight, height, health and other things as well.

Nicole had volunteered for human testing for the government. Around a week ago both of her parents had died in a horrific car crash. With no family or friends to care for her, she was put in the system, something she could hardly stand. The bullying, the food, even the beds were ridiculous.

A man named *Sam* had come into the place where she was being 'kept' and told her about an experiment he was working on that made children 'happier'. That it would relieve all of the pain that she had gone through, and get her out of the system for good.

She really hoped it was true.

The scanner beeped allowing her to come out on the other side of the machine, where *Sam* came into view. He was by a monitor on the side that recorded her information as he noticed Nicole coming out of the machine.

"Well hello there Nicole!" he beamed, he reached from behind him revealing a red lollipop, which she gladly took.

"We have lots to talk about my young friend." he led her to an examination room down the large curved hallway. The walk was silent, and the further down the hallway they went, the creepier it got.

Inside of the room was a hospital bed right along with a briefcase on the stainless steel table next to it.

"Sam, where are we?" she innocently asked.

"Well, we are in a lab room, and we're going to make you all better." he calmed with a bubbly demeanor.

"Okay, but how?" she pressed, something didn't feel right to her and she was having a hard time believing this man could cure her of the pain she felt.

He reached in his lab-coat pocket for another lollipop as he ripped the plastic packaging off and stuck the lollipop in his mouth. He looked off in the distance as Nicole waited for his response.

"Do you like comic books?" he asked her. Something that seemed like an oddball question for where she was at.... Or was it?

Things were beginning to make sense, but she needed to get to the bottom of his intentions.

"You mean like superhero comics, like Wonderwoman or the Black Widow?" she asked yet again.

He chuckled. "Sure. Which one is your favorite?" he wasn't giving her much to go off of.

She thought about the question long and hard as she stuck the lollipop back in her mouth.

"I guess probably The Human Torch..... You?" she continued.

"Well, I mean, I've always liked Iron Man or Batman, especially the show with Adam West, I used to watch that all the time in the sixties. It's still on TV you know?" he sat down on the hospital bed.

"I hated Batman, he's just always so intense, and corny." she stated. She thought about the conversation they were having. Why was he asking her questions about superheroes, was he just a nerd like her, and trying to manipulate her by finding something she was interested in, or.....

"Are you going to give my superpowers, sir?" she asked bluntly.

The question caught him off guard, but wasn't surprised.

"Well, that's up to you. Do you want them?" he countered.

"I've always wanted them, but never thought my parents' death would be the reason I got them." she stated.

"Well, it looks like you're a more like Batman than you thought." he responded. "If you want them, I can give them to you, but you need to think about what kind of powers you want, because that's a choice you have to make in the heat of the moment," he added.

"Okay then, are you sure it works?"

"It works."

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She had gotten situated on the bed as a nurse tied her arms and legs

down with leather straps. After this, the nurse attached an IV to her arm, sticking the needle in the inside of her elbow. She winced in pain as the drip started. Soon after, her index finger was clamped by a heart rate sensor.

"Nicole, have you ever wanted a tattoo?" Owens asked.

"Well, when I was ten I wanted a tattoo of a treble clef on my arm, but she wouldn't allow me. Why do you ask?"

"Because we need you to have one on your arm."

"What is it going to be?"

"The number 012"

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[Current]

Hopper had been called to a crime scene where apparently, a man had burned to death. He was in his police cruiser as he pulled up to the scene littered with first responders.

His opened the door and crawled out of the vehicle, he reached into his front pocket and pulled out a carton of cigarettes. He lit one and continued his trek towards the scene.

As he approached the yellow police tape, Robin was waiting for him on the other side.

"Hey Chief!" she greeted.

"So what's going on here?" he crawled under the tape as they proceeded past the ambulances and police vehicles.

"Well, the coroner says man was charred instantly." she informed

"So if he burned to death, why am I here?" they approached the body,

which was covered by a tarp.

"Because it wasn't an accident, somebody burned him. There are no traces of gasoline in the area, or any other substance. He just... caught on fire." she continued

Hopper bent down and lifted the edge of the tarp to view the head of the body. He had seen nothing like it, at least not while being a cop. He remembered back in Vietnam, flamethrowers caused people to look like this, but this was much worse.

"Holy shit." he muttered.

"Pretty gruesome right?" Robin piped.

For some reason, this kind of thing enthralled her, seeing things that had no apparent explanation, it made her want to get to the bottom of it.

"I've only seen this type of thing in Vietnam." he commented. He stood up and waved over an officer. "Get him out of here." he ordered.

The man went back to the coroner's van as they proceeded to lift the body away. Hopper stood and watched as a shiny metal object appeared under the body. He bent down once more and picked up the object.

It was a name tag, but not any normal type of name tag, it came from the government compound.

"What is that?" Robin questioned.

"It's a name tag from the compound." he discussed.

"What?"

He considered his options for a second, if he submitted it as evidence, nobody would ever know, especially since the government could make it disappear, but he needed to get to the bottom of why a secret government agent or scientist had been burned to death in a back alleyway

"I suppose we are going to be taking a trip then aren't we." Robin admitted.

"I suppose so." Hopper placed the name tag in his pocket.

The two proceeded to his car as the two got in and drove off, the destination being the Government Compound.

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[45 minutes later]

Hopper and Robin approached the set of metal gates to the compound. He pulled the car up to the booth as he rolled down his window. The man in the booth stuck his head out of the window.

"Identification, please." he requested.

"Antique Chariot." Hopper answered.

"Blond Mustang." Robin answered from the other seat.

The officer looked through papers for a good minute before asking "Why are you here?"

"We need to speak with Owens."

"Owens is out of the facility right now, he won't be back for another thirty minutes."

"Where is he?"

"I cannot give out that information."

Hopper sighed and glanced at Robin.

"Is there a possibility that we could wait inside?" she asked.

"Yes, just proceed until you get to the front of the building." the man pressed the button, opening up the gates as Hopper thanked him and

continued through.

As they drove through, they passed greenhouses, buildings, and lots of government personnel. They eventually reached the front of the main building which was at the end of the road. Hopper stopped and parked outside.

"Well, I guess we wait."

After around thirty minutes a motorcade of black vehicles pulled up to the front as well as they all stopped. Owens' got out of one of the vehicles as did Hopper and Robin. They approached each other and eventually met.

"Well, something very big must have happened for you to come here voluntarily." Owens stated.

Hopper did even answer, he reached into his pocket and pulled out the name tag.

"He was one of yours." he handed it to Owens who observed the tag. A slight look of disappointment flashed across Owens' face. "He burned to death in downtown..... Now I wanna know why one of your men was there in the first place, and why he burned without any reasonable explanation whatsoever." Hopper pressed.

Owens sighed and took a minute before speaking. "Follow me." Owens turned around and continued to walk towards the building. The other two followed.

"After the events that occurred before Christmas, the Government decided to 'up the ante' so to speak. The Russians are trying harder than ever to reopen a gate into the Upside Down. And since they were using Demogorgons to power their teleportation technology, they need it more than ever." they approached the elevator to go down. "Unfortunately, the Government has begun doing the same. Throughout the rustbelt, they have scientists trying to open a gate as well."

Both Hopper and Robin gasped as they processed the information. "So there are machines like the one under Starcourt Mall to open up gates

all over the country?!" Hopper drilled.

"I'm afraid so." Owens confirmed. "There are rumours that the Soviets are planning on blowing up one of the biggest nuclear power plants in Europe in order to create the energy to open a portal. Basically, if we don't do it first, they will."

"Mother of God." Robin swore. This was much bigger than she had anticipated. The group got in the elevator as Owens pressed the bottom-most floor 'B47'. Owens scanned his identification card on the scanner next to the floor buttons. The elevator went down.

"My facility here however isn't doing anything like that. Our focus is not the gate, but something much dangerous." Owens added.

"What could be more dangerous than hundreds of gates into the Upside Down?" Hoppe asked.

"We are working on developing weapons, human weapons, like Mike Wheeler."

"You're doing testing on children?!" Robin exclaimed.

"Yes, but only voluntary testing. We can't kidnap children anymore."

It was beginning to make sense to Hopper. "So your scientist burning in the city was because one of your subjects escaped and your goon followed them and got burned to death." Hopper concluded.

"Well, I'm not exactly sure, but something along those lines, yes." The elevator opened to a massive laboratory with scientists running around everywhere. The lab had to have been about ten football-fields in size and a good two in height. They were definitely upping the ante.

"We currently have five underage volunteers that wanted superpowers, we are just giving that to them." Owens excused.

"Your morals are twisted." Hopper accused.

"Even so, Jim, if I stopped, I would disappear. Do you expect me to give up my life's work in exchange for morals, and do you expect the

government to lose the war because we refuse to do something immoral?" Owens countered.

It was becoming clear that the big threat wasn't the Russians or the Mind Flayer, but their own government once again. They needed to figure out how to get out of there for one, because they were now in danger.

"It's a shame, Jim, I really thought you would understand all of this especially after everything I've done for you." Owens was turning on them.

"We need to get out of here!" Robin exclaimed as she turned around to go back to the elevator.

"I'm afraid I can't allow that. You know too much now, I've said too much." Owens condescended.

"You fucking asshole!" Hopper yelled as a large group of uniformed militia surrounded them.

Hopper pulled out his pistol as he pointed it at Owens.

"I would put that down if I were you." Owens calmly suggested. Just then his face began melting and he became slightly taller and skinnier. Hopper looked in disgust as the face of the scientist before him was bubbling and turning. After a few seconds or so, the face of the man became clearer. Hopper couldn't believe what had just happened, and anger followed his whole demeanor.

"Brenner."

"I'm surprised you didn't find out sooner, Jim."

Hopper pulled the trigger as the bullet flew towards the evil man before them but it disappeared. It didn't ricochet, or even penetrate Brenner. It just disappeared. With the snap of his fingers, Brenner made both Hopper and Robin pass out.

"Get them out of here." he ordered.

[Byers'/ Hopper Residence | 6:03 pm]

Joyce had gotten home around forty minutes ago and prepared dinner, but nobody was home, well except Jonathan and Nancy, but they were upstairs in Jonathan's bedroom, hopefully not doing the thing.

She had gotten impatient, Hopper was supposed to be home at the same time she was, and if he was going to be late, he always called to inform her of it. But this time he didn't. She sat at the dining room table with a chicken and mashed potatoes, which were getting cold, all by herself.

Will and El were supposed to be home too, but no trace of them either. Quite frankly she couldn't handle not being in charge of where her family was, or at least knowing.

Just then the phone rang throughout the house, startling her as she jumped out of the chair and picked the phone off of the wall.

"Hello?" she answered.

There was a long pause in the line.

"Hello?" she repeated.

"JOYCE BYERS." the voice had one of those deepening voice distortions on it, attempting to hide the voice of the caller.

"Who is this?" she drilled. This was no ordinary call, and it already gave her chill bumps on her arms.

"WE HAVE JIM HOPPER. IF YOU DO NOT COMPLY WITH US WHEN WE PHONE YOU, WE WILL SLIT HIS THROAT."

At first she thought it was a prank, but it was too personal to be a prank.

"First off, I have no proof that you have Jim..."

"Joyce? Joyce!" Hopper repeated on the other end.

"Jim?! Are you okay?!" she panicked.

"Don't trust them! It's Brn..." the voice was muffled.

"THE MEETING PLACE IS THE MALL WHERE YOU WORK, IN THE FOOD COURT AT THE TABLE NEXT TO THE GOLDEN ARCHES." the voice ordered. "BE THERE AT TEN AM SHARP WITH ELEVEN OR YOUR PRECIOUS BOYFRIEND DIES." the phone clicked followed by a dial tone.

Tears began forming out of her eyes as she slid down the wall next to the phone. She couldn't believe it, Jim was in captivity yet again, and she couldn't do anything about it. They wanted El, in exchange for Hopper, but how could that work in the middle of a crowded place? Even so, giving a child up to kidnappers as ransom wasn't the most moral thing to do.

"Mom?" Jonathan came down the stairs and noticed her on the floor. "Mom, what's going on?!"

"They called... they have Jim *sob* and they want me to *sob* give El up to them!" she was practically not understandable.

"Who has Jim?"

"I don't knoww." she sobbed.

Jonathan bent over and pulled her in an embrace as if to comfort her, but nothing could comfort her at all.

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[Steve and Robin's Apartment | Same time]

The group had been planning on what to do for the last two hours, unsure of how to deal with the fact that they had another test subject on their hands, with a number. The odd thing about the number was

that Mike didn't have one, and it was like he didn't exist between '011' and '012'.

Twelve, or as she likes to be called, Nicole, opened up to them after they took her get fed at the Panda Express in the Mall, El also had a change of clothes in her backpack that she gave her to wear as if to not draw more attention than necessary. She told them about 'bad men in lab coats' hunting her down and that they all needed to hang low. But that was the extent of what she had given them.

Quite frankly, trust wasn't one of Nicole's strongest traits at the moment. She had gone through three months of being a lab rat, and her parents dying. Being trapped in a small room with nothing but a bed for, and only to be taken out for testing did something to your brain, and it definitely wasn't good.

"Alright this is it." Dustin pointed at a building just off of downtown Indianapolis.

The building housed Steve and Robin, which was the best place to lay low for a bit. Luckily, nobody had attempted to interrupt or try to kidnap anyone, at least, not yet.

They arrived at the front door before opening it and walking through, only to come across the second door being locked. Lucas tried opening the door through force by shaking it.

Max walked over to the section of the wall as she searched for 'Harrington' on the list, which she spotted and then pressed the button.

"It's here dumbass."

"Hello?" Steve answered the com with definite irritability.

"Yeah, it's a code red." Dustin spoke.

"Seriously? I was just about to take a shower"

"It's a CODE. RED." Dustin repeated.

There was a loud sigh on the other end before the door buzzed

allowing Lucas to open it.

"What do you want?" Steve flung the door open before noticed everyone was there, including another random girl. "Who's she?"

"She's a test subject." Max answered.

"Wait like El?"

"Yep."

Nicole held up her arm to show Steve the tattoo on her arm.

"H-holy shit." Steve muttered.

He had been living in peaceful tranquility for months now, without existential interruptions like Demogorgons or mind-flayers or Russians. But not he had something completely different on hand hands, especially not knowing whether or not this kid even had powers. And if she did, well then, holy fuck.

"That's what I said." Dustin walked in. Steve didn't even care as everyone followed suit.

Steve closed the door before turning around to face the group. He noticed Suzie included, and wondered why the hell she wasn't asking questions. As everyone started chatting about theories and possibilities, Steve flagged Dustin off to the side and proceeded to whisper.

"Does she know yet?"

Dustin's face dropped. "Yeah."

"How'd she take it?" Steve asked.

"Well, honestly, I don't know. She... hasn't said a word since."

Steve nodded and focused his attention to the group, he clapped his hands together and spoke.

"Well, one of you is gonna have to explain all of this shit to me right now, because I hate being in the dark, and because I'm officially your babysitter, you don't have a choice, so." Steve announced. "Hey '*Big-nose*' get out of my chair." he pointed at Mike who had sat down in Steve's La-z-boy recliner.

"Hold on, so you're running from Owens?" Steve questioned.

"Yes." Nicole answered monotonily.

"I thought he was one of the good guys." Steve laid back in his recliner.

"So did everyone else, but apparently we were wrong." Lucas pointed out.

"Huh, so basically if they find you what will happen?"

"They'll put me in a dark cage for a week and then pull me out to proceed with tests."

"Huh." Steve nodded his head. "And what are your powers exactly?"

Nicole held the palm of her hand up around eye level as her whole hand literally caught on fire. It was on fire. The burning flame continued to hold its position as everyone watched in awe.

"Okay, okay. So basically you're a fire-bender or some shit." Steve stated as he wiped his forehead.

Dustin had been teaching Steve some about Dungeons & Dragons lore, so he could speak on the same level as the kids. Steve had refused to actually play it, because it was too nerdy, or something, but he still could keep up with the conversations that involved it.

Nicole nodded. "More like the Human-Torch, I like reading comic books, hate DnD."

"WHAT!" Everyone turned to look at her like she was mentally insane.

"What? I just think it's unrealistic." she continued.

"That's. The. Point." Lucas countered.

"How can you not like DnD?" Mike asked.

"Have you ever even played it?" Will also asked.

"Well....no.." she began.

"Exactly, you need to play a game!" Max encouraged.

"Guys, guys, enough. We need to figure out where to hide her, especially since the government is now after her, so we need to find a safe place because my apartment is not where I want armed soldiers to march in." Steve stated.

"To be honest, they probably march in anyways." Dustin lisped.

Steve nodded before turning away and bringing his hand up to his forehead. "Yep, I'm gonna die."

"No you won't we've got two powered people here." Suzie spoke at last.

"That's true too."

"I know a place where we can lay low for a bit, but he might not like it." El spoke.

"No, no, NO! We're not going to Murray's" Steve ordered.

"Why not it's the safest place to go on lockdown for a while, why wouldn't we?"

Steve stuttered for a few seconds before giving in.

"Fine, whatever."

Just then, an unrealistic amount of pain came over Mike, similar to which came about when he was gaining his powers. He fell onto the floor, seizing up and screaming at the top of his lungs.

"Mike! Mike! Are you okay?" El rushed over and bent down to him.

The screaming didn't stop either, he kept rolling around on the floor as everyone tried to comfort him, but nothing helped.

Suddenly, Nicole began doing the same. She collapsed and begun screaming at the top of her lungs as well.

"Nicole!" Will bent down to her before anyone else.

"Okay, well this shit isn't normal." Steve stated.

El curled up next to Mike and began sobbing. The pain he was going through was unrealistic, and she now knew how he felt when she was going through her pain four months ago. She felt helpless and wanted to do something, anything, but her powers were gone, and there was nothing she could do. Mike eventually stopped screaming and passed out on the floor.

The hairs on the back of Will's neck stood up, as the worse possible thing to have happened, happened.

"Guys!" He caught the attention of everyone in the room.

"He's here."

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{A/N} Well there you go! I told you it was gonna be a wild one! Did you not believe me? lol. Anyways, I am not going to promise when I'll update next, but I can tell you I WILL be updating for sure.

Please tell me what you think about Nicole, what different trait's I could implement and such, It would be really fun to build the character together for sure.

Anyways, love ya guys, and I'll see you soon!

- Reddinator100